

THE NATION

DECEMBER 12, 1959 . . 25c

WHOSE BUSINESS IS BIRTH CONTROL?

W. D. Borrie

\$8 BILLION STOCKPILE FIASCO

Edward W. Ziegler

THIS POST-CHRISTIAN ERA

Gabriel Vahanian

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND RECORDS

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LETTERS

Looking Upward

Dear Sirs: I gave a weekend series of lectures on Jung's book, *Flying Saucers*, in November of 1958, and can therefore claim a good acquaintance with it. David Cort ("Sorcery and Flying Saucers," *The Nation*, November 7) has given a most unfair account of its content. From his description, it is impossible to guess that this is a serious book on the psychology of the Unconscious. . . . It describes in detail the development of a modern myth right under our eyes, discusses a number of dreams, a few books and some other material as evidence of the existence of the myth and its possible meanings. . . .

I am very disappointed that *The Nation*, which usually proves that it senses the pulse of historical development where others are obtuse, failed to see that here is a great book by a grand old man. . . .

JAMES KIRSCH, M.D.

West Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I thought David Cort's article was a good attempt to deal with an increasingly esoteric subject. . . . But it didn't seem to work out the way he wanted it—perhaps because the subject is too esoteric. May I suggest: (1) That the subject be explored further, apart from Carl Jung's weird "contributions"; (2) That Mr. Cort look up the book, *When Prophecy Fails*, by Leon Festinger and associates.

And may I add the parting thought that I sincerely hope our mutual skepticism will not predispose us to a closed mind with regard to the possibility of the saucers, whatever they might be.

PAUL E. KILLINGER

Bloomington, Ind.

Class Leadership

Dear Sirs: A phrase in Allan Brick's "Campus Rebels Find a Cause" [*The Nation*, Nov. 28] has suddenly crystallized my reasoning on a matter only indirectly related to the subject of that article. Mr. Brick speaks of discovering "the practical and moral reasons for being responsible toward others." Failure to consider the need for such discovery, it seems to me, is what is wrong with the current effort by educators to separate gifted students from their less talented schoolmates.

It is true, as the advocates of homogeneous grouping say, that the separation makes possible an enriched

training in subject matter for capable students. What is forgotten is the effect on mediocre or poor students when natural peer leadership is removed from them; forgotten also is the moral effect on the leader group of the loss of experience in fulfilling social obligation.

To add yet another item to the long list of reasons for juvenile delinquency, let me point out that when constructive peer leadership is removed from high school youngsters, they turn to their gang leaders. No moralizing by teachers can substitute for good examples by members of the students' own age group. When such good examples are removed, the vacuum is filled with bad examples, and these are followed devotedly. Why not? The gangsters have no real competition.

On the other side, the able leaders are deprived of their natural follower groups and set in artificially intensified competition against each other. They do not learn to feel responsible toward others; rather, they learn to use every dodge possible, including the cheating we have heard so widely deplored, to triumph over other students and teachers. Valuable scholarships depend on victory. The love of knowledge and truth, which talented students are supposed to learn, is transmuted to a crass scramble for money.

With this sort of thing increasing in the high schools, college teachers are likely to find less idealism among their future students. It is true, the new generations will know how to study, but for what?

FRANCIS P. JENNINGS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Doctors' Dilemma

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading your October 31 issue on "The Shame of New York," and I must admit that the picture of political corruption was shocking. But what struck me most forcibly was the unexplained code—if it was some kind of code—which caused doctors and other hospital personnel to keep mum and allow the victimization of little Dean Nimer.

Reporters Cook and Gleason write that two doctors—friends of the family—had verified Dean Nimer's story of being choked. They report that Mrs. Nimer's entirely rational testimony in the hospital verified Dean's story and that the doctor who operated on Mrs. Nimer verified that the wounds couldn't have been inflicted by a little boy.

But these facts had to be unearthed by a reporter long after the event. Didn't those doctors know what was

being done to a little boy? Were they operating under some kind of monstrous medical code which required them to hide their evidence as "concealed time bombs"? Why couldn't those doctors have reported what they knew to the newspapers?

R. E. TORNELL

Fort Worth, Tex.

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The Nation, Dec. 12, 1959. Vol. 189. No. 20

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1959, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year \$8. Two years \$14. Three Years \$20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian \$1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: *The Nation* is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

EDITORIALS

Bon Voyage, Mr. President

With these words, expressing a sentiment practically all Americans share, the New York *Herald Tribune* saluted President Eisenhower as he started on his world tour. The editorial also made a point worth noting: "... Increasingly governments find themselves playing to the world gallery, forced to seek popular support in other lands as well as their own." It is to the President's credit that he has come around to recognizing this new and, on the whole, salutary development, and it is fortunate that by character and motivation he is well fitted for the role to which history now calls him. He can never approach the mileage John Foster Dulles accumulated, but Mr. Dulles was scarcely an idol of the masses, or even of the diplomats with whom he carried on his confabulations. General Eisenhower is a far more winning personality; and he must be aware, at the present juncture, that this in itself ranks as a national asset more important than tanks and rockets.

The Presidential tour, taking in eleven countries and a span approaching the circumference of the earth, is evidence that General Eisenhower is determined to use this asset to the full. It is also evidence of the remarkable change that has come over the President in the past year. During his first term and most of the second, he was a cautious President and, despite his popularity, a disappointing one. The times called for courageous action; he temporized and left action to others. All this he has evidently put behind him. At a more advanced age than any of his predecessors, he undertakes a tour which is not only precedent-shattering, but which would tax the energies of the youngest and most virile of statesmen. Most important of all, he goes in the name of peace. It is only a word, but a potent one — a word found in all languages, not only in the Russian.

Still, a word of caution is in order. Eighty-four reporters and photographers will accompany the Presidential party, and in every country of the eleven their ranks will be swelled by the representatives of the local

press and radio. The lights will be blinding and the clamor deafening; in that sense the trip cannot but be a success. But only so much can be expected of a journey of three weeks following almost fifteen years of cold war. The crucial fact of world politics is still the tension between the United States and the Soviet Union. Numerous developments attest to the lessening of hostility and a cautious willingness on both sides to explore the possibilities (and perils) of a live-and-let-live policy. But only a beginning has been made. The President's trip will be a real success only in proportion as it furthers the change which has been initiated, but still has a long way to go.

Roving Nemesis

By 1965, perhaps sooner, the United States should be rich in missiles, as well as in dream kitchens and proudly finned automobiles. There will not be as many ICBMs as dish washers, but there will be hundreds of them, perhaps thousands, in contrast to the lone Atlas that now deters the bloody Russians at Vandenberg Air Force Base. But the Russians will have missiles too. The problem is to keep their missiles away from our missiles, and one solution is to keep ours always on the move. The Pentagon is actively planning for missile trains which will roam the nation's 225,000 miles of trackage and compensate in some measure for the loss of passenger traffic. The missile train will always know where it is, so that it can hope to place its burden more or less accurately on pre-selected Russian targets; but the Russians, not knowing where the trains are, will only be able to exterminate two-thirds of the American population living in cities. The best insurance of survival will be to get a ride on a missile train or, for the maritime-minded, on a missile-carrying nuclear submarine. For the air-minded, the plan contemplates nuclear-powered aircraft always on the move, doing their part to baffle and terrify the Muscovites.

This is no pipe dream: American Machine & Foundry

and ACF Industries are even now designing rail cars for launching. But it has a flaw, as all schemes involving nuclear warfare seem to have. For land-based missiles, if the Russians feel like making them mobile, they have much more room in which to roam than we have. In fact, they have so much *Lebensraum* that to a considerable extent they may be able to shoot from fixed bases which not even the genius of Allen Dulles will be able to locate. Admiral Harry D. Felt, our Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, reveals that 8,700-mile Soviet missiles have been "impacting" in the Pacific between Hawaii and Alaska. It is not known how many have been fired, but more than one has been observed. They appear to come from the Caspian launching area, not from Siberia, where the Russians also have launching facilities. From the latter, any point in the United States could be reached with 5,500-mile missiles which the USSR is now producing.

The Pentagon is enterprising, but so are the Russians, and when it comes to dispersal, they enjoy certain advantages.

The Needle's Stuck in the Groove

With so many disc jockeys being fired, a new job, befitting his talent, might be found for Henry Cabot Lodge, our undistinguished Ambassador to the United Nations. As usual at this time of year, he insisted on putting the Hungarian threnody on the U.N. agenda. Except for Nationalist China and a few other allies, he found no enthusiastic supporters, but that mattered little; he knew he could get a majority. It probably never occurred to him to ask whether he was benefiting the ones most concerned — the Hungarian people. Not the American Hungarians, but the Hungarians in Hungary, where, after all, most of them remain, by choice or otherwise.

Writing in the London *Observer*, the strongly anti-Communist Nora Beloff, just back from Hungary, approaches the question from this angle, the only one which makes sense. The Hungary Hungarians, she reports, "have no use for our oratorical solicitude. They know that Soviet Russia took the biggest ideological beating of her history in Budapest in October, 1956; they also know that nothing in the world — least of all Western admonitions — will induce the Russians to withdraw their 50,000-odd troops now stationed in Hungarian barracks, unless (or until) they can rely on the local Communists to keep the Red Flag flying." The Hungary Hungarians do not cherish the memory of Radio Free Europe urging them on into the cannon's mouth when the United States had not the least intention of giving military help, and France and England were too busy invading Egypt to give aid, even if they wanted to.

What the Hungarians would like, now, is a relaxation of tension between East and West. To the New York

Hungarians, picketing the Soviet U.N. headquarters may be a sacred duty, partaking also of the nature of sport, but the equally anti-Communist Budapest Hungarians would like freedom from arrest or, if they are in prison, they would like amnesty. They would like the measure of freedom that a Communist Hungary patterned on Poland would afford. It would be limited and precarious enough, but it would be far better than what they have. In short, they are tired of being catspaws for the West, and it is about time that the West, and Henry Cabot Lodge in particular, found a better use for the U.N.'s time.

And Wow Again!

This is the season when our hearts are asked to give their nickels and pennies to the poor, the handicapped and the forgotten. A deserving recipient under all three categories is the University of Houston, the second largest college in Texas.

This university's troubles all stem from one source — it was a beneficiary of the late Hugh Roy Cullen, a Texas oil millionaire whose flamboyance was a match for his wealth. Being given to the large public gesture, Mr. Cullen wrote a will that left the University of Houston, through a foundation, \$160 million in oil lands. Wow!

And wow again. But the fact is that the income from those holdings is by no means as large as people naturally think, and the further fact is that Mr. Cullen's gift has effectively shut off any other philanthropy. The result of all this is that the handsome buildings on the Houston campus are badly leaking, classes are being held in Army surplus prefabs and the chancellor of the university sits in his 650-foot, wood-paneled office (provided by Mr. Cullen) and dreams up ways of getting his drive for funds off the ground. The school needs a \$50 million endowment fund and \$50 million for additional buildings. So far, the total received is \$4 million. The college will accept any gift, however small — in fact it would *prefer* a lot of small gifts to the disastrous benevolence of another oil millionaire.

Murphy's Round

Speaking to the NATO representatives in Washington, Dean Acheson expressed disbelief that anything could come out of a conference on Berlin except "a retreat and acceptance of Russian terms." He added one of his famous cracks: the Administration's foreign policy, he said, consists of locomotion and not much else. Secretary of State Christian Herter answered Mr. Acheson effectively, but so politely that no one paid much attention. Undersecretary Robert Murphy finished the job which Secretary Herter had begun. He pointed out that good-will tours are now a recognized instrument of dynamic diplomacy and charged his former

boss with advocating "a policy of the broad behind." Quips don't prove anything, but no one who heard both the Acheson and Murphy speeches will have any doubt as to who won. The question is, however, why Mr. Murphy won so easily. He is a redoubtable scrapper, but so is Mr. Acheson. Indeed, when the former Secretary is in form, he is a wit of the first order; at all times he is a civilized man and, what is even rarer, a practicing Christian. And he is the principal architect of NATO. What is the matter with him, then?

After an initial silence following on his departure from

office, he has commented from time to time on foreign affairs, as was his right and duty; unhappily, he has voiced only sterile, static views. The trouble seems to be that he has never gone beyond NATO, any more than Harry Truman has. The spectacle of talent bogged down in bygone preconceptions is as familiar as it is sad. Mr. Acheson should realize that NATO had only a limited and transitory usefulness, and that we must go on from there. If he can't begin thinking afresh, lesser sluggers than Robert Murphy will be landing haymakers on his handsome visage.

Whose Business Is Birth Control? .. by W. D. Borrie

RECENT controversy on the birth-control issue has had at least two salutary aspects: it has caused a lot of people who matter to declare where they stand, and it has given the public an opportunity of extending their knowledge about the nature of the world's population problems.

Yet the controversy has also had its unfortunate and confusing aspects. It has tended to encourage the views, first, that the solution of problems of overpopulation can be easily found, either by universal application of some new birth-control device or (in the case of those who are morally opposed to artificial birth control) by expansion of food resources; and second, that decisions of Congress to grant foreign aid should be governed by the birth-control issue.

The latter suggestion is preposterous. To grant aid with the proviso that it should be used to disseminate birth control would, among other things, be interpreted by the Communist world as another sign of Western capitalism's inability to defeat the Malthusian bogey through increased production. To tie aid to the proviso that it should *not* be so used would both insult the right of

the people of recipient countries to make their own decisions on this matter, and ignore the fact that in many parts of the world, both "developed" and "underdeveloped," birth control is already prevalent in the form of abortion, infanticide and other less socially desirable methods.

The problem goes much deeper than this. Since World War II, there has been a vast extension of international aid and international co-operation. In many cases, the motivation may have been related to the cold war, but the fact of the existence of such cooperation remains. Throughout the world, international agencies are assiduously working to extend it for the benefit of mankind. The cooperation concerns the "indivisible" benefits now internationally accepted as the rights of every person, such as adequate food, maximum health that medical science can provide, and literacy. Through the many agencies of the United Nations, collaboration to give effect to these rights knows neither class nor creed. For any nation, particularly the United States, to have foreign aid become the plaything of sectarian controversy would be morally disastrous and a propaganda scoop for the Communist world.

Does this mean that foreign aid may accentuate the population problem? It may if the peoples of the world's low-income nations choose to ignore the population issue, but fortunately the evidence is the other way. In some cases, birth control has been drastic and effective, as in

Japan, where the major method for bringing the population into balance with available resources has been abortion. In others, the problem is a live but as yet largely unresolved issue, as in the case of India, where birth control has been accepted as an essential aspect of the struggle to break from the Malthusian shackles of famine and disease.

The essential point is that action to control population trends must remain essentially a matter of internal decision in the country concerned, and not one that can be imposed upon a people from without. Nor in any democratic society is the final decision whether or not to have children a matter for anyone other than individual couples. If Roman Catholics do not practice certain forms of birth control in the United States or elsewhere, that is their concern. If Protestants do, that is also their concern. And in Western democratic countries, both Catholics and Protestants are free to make their own decisions. Why presume to impose their will on the outside world, whether Christian or non-Christian?

RECOGNITION of the right of individual choice in the matter should not, however, be permitted to detract attention from the reality of a population problem. Demographers have been pointing to that reality for many years. Its dimensions are very simply understood. The world has today about 2,900 million people. It took 2,000 years to add the first 2,000 million. It seems quite incon-

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December 12, 1959

trovertible that the next 2,000 million will be added before the next forty years are up. This rate of growth—some 1.7 per cent a year—is unique in the history of the world. Western man started it all by breaking the balance of births and deaths that had held mankind to a very low rate of increase for over 2,000 years. By scientific agriculture, by a technical revolution, by applied medical science, he got rid of the great killing diseases, moving toward his biblical heritage of three score years and ten. He cheated death. His next response? To cheat uncontrolled births. How? Not by magic pills, not by today's fashionable contraceptives, not basically by abstinence or restraint from marriage, but by all the means of birth control then known to him, and particularly by *coitus interruptus*.

The moral of Western history is clear enough. Given a situation of improving material standards of life, universal literacy, emancipation of women, and *above all death control*—in short all the things today's undernourished, technically backward peoples are striving for—and the incentives and motivations for population control arise.

HERE IS the apparent paradox of the present world situation. Free peoples everywhere are hell-bent on development. The whole world is searching for the way out of the Malthusian dilemma by the paths followed by the Western world a century ago. But they cannot find their way through by one path alone. They have made one major leap forward—death control, thanks to applied medical science. In twenty years, infant-death rates have tumbled down from 200 and more per 1,000 live births to 100 and less. Expectations of life have leapt forward in many Asian countries from some forty years to fifty-five years and more. The result has been a great upsurge in the rate of growth, to 3 per cent a year in some instances—a rate sufficient to double a population in about twenty-six years.

The battle of food resources has been scarcely less spectacular. Half the world's population may still be undernourished, and people still die of starvation; but where are the

great famines that wracked Asian masses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? Food resources are (so far) generally keeping up with population growth. So, too, is the battle of the "underdeveloped" half of the world battling against illiteracy.

Yet all of these activities have for the most part left birth rates as high, and often higher, than ever. A demographer watching this natural increase—a steadily rising birth rate and falling death rates—can only conclude that the gap must be closed somehow, and a whole century of Western experience suggests that with motivations arising as strongly as they are today in much of the Eastern world, the break in uncontrolled births must come soon. If the history of Western Europe in the century before 1930 needs further support for such a conclusion, the history of most of Eastern and Southern Europe since then, and of Japan over the past twenty years, provides it; for here birth rates per 1,000 of population have come tumbling down—in many cases from thirty and over to twenty and under.

The arguments that foreign aid for economic development, for education, for medical and maternal health, or for any of the other "indivisible" benefits will accelerate population growth for a period is no argument for cutting it off. Such aid is a major function of the U.N. in any case. And if the United States and other democratic powers do not accept their responsibilities here, either directly or through the U.N. agencies, the Communist countries will.

But responsibilities do not mean only, or even mainly, money. The funds for economic development, public health or education, to take only a few examples, must come from within the countries concerned. Independent nations do not want charity and cannot be bought. What they do seek in the field of social welfare are technical advice, expanding opportunities for training persons in relevant skills, collaboration in research and the exchange of ideas, and the chance to work out their own programs within their own framework of moral values, customs and institutions.

Finally, a view that seeks the long-term solution of the problem of overpopulation basically through increased production of food overlooks the very important fact that the final way out cannot be found by this path alone. It did not happen this way in any "Western" countries in their period of transition, even where population densities were low and resources were abundant. Much less is the theory applicable to the crowded countries of Asia.

Increased productivity per acre, which is the key to the food issue, almost certainly means decreasing density of population per acre, which in turn means that vast numbers of workers have to be moved from the land to earn enough income to feed, clothe and house themselves in non-rural occupations. They have to generate the income to set the wheels of balanced economic development in motion.

HOW to deal with this ever-growing mass of non-agricultural workers is the basic economic problem—much more so than the mere production of foodstuffs. Some have succeeded in the process, at a terrible price (e.g., USSR and the liquidation of the Kulaks); some seem to be achieving it, at what price we do not yet know (China); and some are searching for ways and means within the framework of democracy (India).

That the whole process of balanced economic development would be greatly assisted by limiting the flood of recruits to be fed and employed would seem incontrovertible; but equally incontrovertible is the right of the people themselves going through the process to say how and when the checks will be applied.

That they must be applied soon seems inevitable. Again a simple arithmetical sum will show why. Given a continuation of the current world rate of population growth, the world will have standing room only in less than 750 years time. It seems unnecessary to add that it has also been calculated that at present rates of growth, the weight of human beings would equal the weight of the world in 1,700 years time.

If these figures do not imply "a population explosion," what does?

The NATION

THE PEACE-LOVING IRISH . . by Jane Stolle

United Nations
JUST BEFORE the twenty-sixth in the series of secret ballots marking the deadlock between Poland and Turkey on election to the Security Council, the Soviet delegation approached the Irish delegation and urged it to switch its vote from Turkey to Poland. "But," answered an Irish spokesman, "we've been voting for Poland right along!"

The Russians are not the only ones at the U.N. to guess wrong on Irish intentions. In terms of political or geographical balance of power, the Irish are as unpredictable here as they are, by tradition, everywhere. Beholden to no one, they play a free-wheeling role that sometimes puts them in the Western camp, sometimes in the Eastern, and most often in between—playing the role of referee. Unhampered—as many of the small nations are—by a vulnerable geographic position in the cold war, Ireland feels free to shout where so many others are constrained to whisper. It was Ireland, not India, which sponsored the resolution condemning Chinese atrocities in Tibet. But it was also Ireland which was the first purely Western power to advocate a reassessment of the "Chinese question" at the U.N. After India's unsuccessful 1957 attempt to seat Communist China, Frank Aiken, Irish Foreign Minister, said:

We have no sympathy whatever with the ideology of the Peking Government. But the belief of my delegation is that in the present circumstances progress can best be made [towards the end of improving the situation in Korea and China] by having a full and open discussion of the question of the representation of China in this Assembly.

The U.S. delegation ignored this suggestion from an "upstart" (Ireland had been admitted to the world body only two years before), while the United Kingdom which, unlike Ireland, has diplomatic and trade relations with Communist China (yet finds itself able to sit comfortably with Nationalist China at the U.N.)

JANE STOLLE is The Nation's U.N. correspondent.

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looked the other way and smiled. "It's got to come some day, you know," an Englishman commented. "But wouldn't you know it would be the Irish to say so?"

In that same session, Ireland had some cogent things to say about getting down to business on the question of peace. During the debate on Hungary, Mr. Aiken remarked:

We were struck by the fact that Mr. Khrushchev recently repeated an offer he made sometime ago. He said he would withdraw Russian troops from the territories which they occupy in Eastern Europe, including Hungary, if the United States would withdraw her troops completely from the continent of Europe.

Well, continued Mr. Aiken, let's not reject this idea out of hand. Admitting there were obvious objections to the Russian "offer"—that it was heavily weighted on the Russian side—the Irish Foreign Minister proposed, in essence, to call the Russians' bluff, if it were one: "We are here, I assume, not only to express our moral disapproval, but to see whether we can do something to help . . . [the Hungarians]." If the United Nations were to declare itself in principle in favor of a drawing back of non-national armies and military personnel on the continent, he went on, the ultimate to be gained would be the peaceful liberation of Eastern Europe; at the very least, the Hungarians would gain some assurance that they had not been forgotten.

THIS WAS the genesis of what has come to be known as the "Aiken Plan," which preceded the better known Rapacki Plan by a year and came at one of the coolest periods of U.S.-USSR relations. Aiken did not offer it as an agenda item. He pointed out that it was primarily the Great Powers involved who must consider the suggestion he had made. They didn't, but for the next two years the Irish hammered away at their "plan," expanding it to include the explosive Berlin question.

On September 23, 1959, at the 14th General Assembly, Mr. Aiken again brought up the matter, this time during the general debate:

There is, as far as we can see, no peaceful and permanent solution for Berlin except as the capital of a united Germany. . . . Nor can we see, even in the distant future, any peaceful solution acceptable to both power groups for the problem of European security unless a reunited Germany, together with Poland and other Eastern European countries, agrees to become an area of law, free from foreign troops, free from weapons of blitzkrieg and mass destruction, and subject to United Nations inspection and guarantee.

Germany, instead of being encouraged to become once more the arsenal of Europe, the potential juggernaut, the Frankenstein, would then emerge as the "prototype," as Aiken put it, "of the world we want." Disputes would be arbitrated by the International Court of Justice and the only troops permitted on German soil would be those of a permanent United Nations Force.

Pie in the sky, some delegates said. Again, Ireland did not offer its suggestion as an agenda item. The Big Powers—the ones responsible for world peace—had a long way to go first. But in the meantime, Ireland did have a very practical proposal to make for avoiding war until a true peace could be made. This was the Irish-sponsored agenda item No. 67—"The Prevention of Dissemination of Nuclear Weapons," more commonly referred to as the "Nuclear Club" idea. The Irish resolution proposed that the U.N. recommend to the ten-power East-West disarmament conference, scheduled to meet early next year in Geneva, a study of means to prevent "the wider dissemination of nuclear arms." It proposed that the conference

. . . examine the feasibility of arriving at an international agreement subject to inspection and control, whereby the nations producing nuclear weapons [Great Britain, United States, USSR and, tacitly, France] would refrain from handing over the control of such weapons to any nation not possessing them and whereby the powers not possessing such weapons would refrain from manufacturing them.

In an article in *The Nation* of

November 29, 1958, Mr. Aiken said:

The danger of nuclear weapons to humanity does not merely increase in direct ratio to the number of those possessing them. It seems likely to increase in geometric progression. Those who now possess nuclear weapons are a few great and highly developed states, with great urban populations, with much to lose and little to gain in a nuclear war. Their potential adversaries are in the same situation and have the power to retaliate.

But, he went on, other nations may feel they have less to lose, and as nuclear weapons become easier to obtain, may use them to gain what they consider even a temporary advantage.

MOST OF the smaller countries—the potential villains of the piece—backed the Irish resolution wholeheartedly. If adopted by the disarmament conferees, the proposal would lift the threat of nuclear bombs at their backs and their flanks. It would give them more chance to get on with the business of developing their countries' resources, of becoming responsible members of the world community without worrying about a hostile neighbor.

The real breakthrough would come, of course, when the Big Powers themselves decided to live permanently in peace. Meanwhile, the

Irish resolution promised a big step in the right direction. It was passed by the General Assembly's Special Political Committee, 66-0, with thirteen states abstaining (the nine members of the Soviet bloc, plus France, China, Spain and Peru). Soviet opposition was based on its formal position that there must be total disarmament—or nothing. China, France, Spain and Peru gave various reasons for not going along, but France's Jules Moch's explanation was perhaps the most candid: "France would not renounce a weapon which other countries, in whose arsenals it was already included, would continue to produce."

France, apparently, already has the bomb, and for reasons of prestige and—some say—political blackmail, is determined to blast her way into the "Nuclear Club" via projected nuclear tests in the Sahara. The Irish, by tacitly including her among the nuclear "have" nations, feel they have made their point even clearer: Who next will be knocking on the door?

The U.N. area of activity in which Ireland's role was most predictable—and which has won her the appellation of "Afro-Asian bloc" leader—is that dealing with underdeveloped countries. Both in economic questions, handled largely by the Economic and Social Council—and in

political questions before the Trusteeship Council, Ireland plumps unswervingly for what she considers "practical" aid and comfort for the evolving nations. Here she often runs head-on into both the former colonial powers and the Soviet bloc; the first because they are loath to give up their hegemony, and the second because they would like to extend theirs.

THE IRISH delegation includes among its eight permanent representatives a poet (Miss Maire MacEntee); a historian and literary critic (Dr. C. Cruise O'Brien); and an author-archaeologist (Mr. Eoin MacWhite). Ambassador Frederick H. Boland, the permanent head of the delegation, is a veteran diplomat who got his training in world organizations as a youngster at the League of Nations. Aiken, who heads the delegation temporarily during most of the General Assembly, joined the Irish Nationalist movement at the age of fifteen and worked up to I.R.A. chief of staff at twenty-five. Today, as Foreign Minister, he is still a nonconformist.

The country that has produced a Swift, a Joyce and a Parnell, and whose gravest immediate foreign-policy problem is the free flow of agricultural produce to England, is living up to its lively heritage.

THE COLD WAR IN STORAGE:

\$8 BILLION STOCKPILE FIASCO . . . by Edward W. Ziegler

THE BEGINNING of the end of the national stockpile of strategic materials came quietly. It came in the form of a bland announcement by the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization in December, 1958, to the effect that its stockpile was \$1.85 billion "overblown" and that there would be a disposal of surpluses.

A distinct shock radiated in-

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stantly to London, New York and the grim mining towns of at least three continents. Before a full day had passed, the protests of one of this nation's most vocal special-interest groups rose in outrage.

The OCDM spent the 1958 Christmas holidays reassuring the mining interests that its announcement meant only that there was going to be a reassessment of U. S. strategic stockpile needs; OCDM continued "firmly on record" against the unloading of surplus commodi-

ties that might cause market disruption. In any case—the reassurances continued—disposal was "a long way off," would require at least six months' notice to industry, and would not apply to "sensitive" cases.

The underlying fact was that Uncle Sam wanted "out" from an estimated \$8.1 billion stockpile of copper, lead, zinc, aluminum, tungsten, and even such odd strategic materials as duck feathers, coconut oil and opium. Sooner or later something would have to be done.

The NATION

"But you promised!"

That was the sum of the objections hurled at the government. And Uncle Sam had, in effect, promised. He had done more than that. He had used every incentive within his enormous reach to increase the output of metals producers to the point where even today there is a weakness in nonferrous metals prices throughout the world.

"But the national security demands. . . ." cried the mining interests.

That is just the trouble. The needs of national security—even though it seems to have taken the Pentagon thirteen years to discover the point—began to be phrased in entirely new terms at 8.10 A.M. on the morning of August 6, 1945, when an atomic fireball smote Hiroshima. By December, 1958, it was perfectly clear to everyone that a stockpile that would see us through a five-year war had very little utility in a two-week atomic war. But it wasn't until then that the government was officially willing to admit that the next war, if and when it came, would be a short one.

The metabolism of war got us into the stockpile fiasco. Yet the imperative of peace (or, in the OCDM's view, the necessity for "reappraisal" of national security) put the mining interests in an understandable quandary. For the subsidy they have enjoyed by means of the stockpiling of past years cannot continue without the imprimatur of national security. And now the hope of using this imprimatur is gone, probably forever.

ALREADY there are those who are preparing a full-scale search for a solution to the mining industry's problem.

When Congress reconvenes, one of the first things that will be thrust before it will be a set of demands from a group of mining-state Congressmen presented under the collective label of a "National Minerals Policy." In a sense, this demand for a policy will be nothing more than an attempt by U.S. mining interests to push back the day when they will have to confess their economic obsolescence in the face of the intoler-

able pressure that the end of stockpiling has put on them.

So much is at stake in erecting a workable minerals policy that only a miracle can produce one that is logical and equitable. The tangled causes and effects of stockpiling, mining, tariffs, import quotas, domestic mining unemployment, labor strife, recession in underdeveloped lands, and the American farm problem produce a complex that will not yield easily to a rational solution.

Yet so much has happened in the past eighteen months in international relations that a gloomy assessment may prove unwarranted. Peace is the essential precondition to a realistic and fair minerals policy. Assuming peace, the lessons taught by war should point the way to an eventual solution. The history of stockpiling sheds light on possible approaches.

STOCKPILING as we know it began back in 1946 when the sour memories of the early days of World War II were still fresh. Mobilizing for total war had been difficult, coming, as it did, after a decade of industrial torpor. Consequently, the 79th Congress passed the Strategic and Critical Materials Stockpiling Act of 1946 for the purchase and storage of materials of critical strategic importance in time of war. The 81st Congress, under the Defense Production Act of 1950, subsequently expanded the size and function of stockpiling. Other legislation (the Domestic Minerals Program Extension Act of 1954) so broadened the fields affected that today, when we speak of the strategic-materials stockpile, we are speaking of three distinct stockpiles that occupy 300 storage sites in military depots, government warehouses, industrial plants and commercial storage facilities: a vast hoard of materials sprawling over an estimated 23 million square feet of warehouse space, 60 million square feet of open space, and 2 million barrels of tank space—a cache, valued at \$8.1 billion, that would make any "have-not" nation a "have" overnight.

In the interests of clarity, the stockpiles will be taken up one by one and this inquiry will concentrate on the materials that have produced

most of the political heat: copper, lead and zinc. What is here said of them is true in one connection or another for most of the other materials in the stockpiles.

The first—and still the largest—stockpile is the hoard called the National Stockpile, or the Strategic and Critical Materials Stockpile. In it are seventy-three materials including many metals and minerals, natural rubber, petroleum and a sizable dose of castor oil (presumably for high-altitude aircraft lubrication). By the time of Korea, there was a strong, largely tacit understanding that this stockpile should be managed specifically to support the domestic producing industries.

The Defense Production Act of 1950 set up a second stockpile filled by companies who rushed to take advantage of the attractive long-term procurement contracts let by Uncle Sam. The mischief of that frenzy still plagues international copper, lead and zinc prices.

Eventually—and inevitably—even the farm bloc insinuated itself into the strategic-materials game. This happened when the third stockpile—the so-called Supplemental Stockpile—was set up in 1954. A desperate Administration, up to its ears in excess farm goods, got into the complex business of bartering surplus foods to needy nations in exchange for foreign metals and minerals under the Agriculture Department's disposal program.

DURING the acquisition of these materials, the first faint doubts crept into certain military minds. The message from Hiroshima was getting through to military planners at long last, and by the mid-1950s they were openly questioning the basic utility of a five-year (or even a three-year) defense framework. And finally, the short-war theory burst full-grown from the Pentagon, striking a responsive chord in the budget-minded Administration and spreading a thick coat of pessimism over the mining interests. Yet, throughout the 1957-58 "commodity recession," when the price of raw materials continued weak, stockpiling continued at Congressional insistence that only in this way could world-wide copper, lead

and zinc overproduction be balanced. (Overproduction was also causing great discomfort in aluminum and oil, among other resources.)

By this time the OCDM decided that it needed outside appraisal of its stockpiling activities, and it asked Chicago banker Holman Pettibone to review the program. By January, 1958, Pettibone returned a report suggesting that instead of stockpiling metal for war, it would be better to stockpile drugs, food and clothing for postwar rehabilitation.

In no hurry, the OCDM waited till June, 1958, to say it liked what Pettibone said, and planned to put most of his recommendations into effect. The OCDM added that it would no longer work on the expectation of a five-year war but would consider a three-year war as its basis for operation. At the same time, the budget surgeons were seeing to it that the Agriculture Department's barter program was sliced down (to take the pressure off Stockpile No. 3) and that no significant appropriations for stockpiling were included in the 1959-1960 budget.

TODAY the three stockpiles break down like this:

1. *The National Stockpile.* All basic objectives are filled for its seventy-three materials on a three-year basis. Of the old five-year goals, fifty items are full, including copper, lead and zinc. The items that have not been brought up to three-year levels are amosite asbestos, Jamaica bauxite (aluminum ore), certain cordage fibers, small diamond dies, jewel bearings, chemical-grade manganese, palladium, selenium and crude silicon carbide. Only the asbestos, diamond dies and jewel bearings remain on the purchase list in 1959. Total dollar value of this stockpile is officially said to be \$3.88 billion, but \$5.5 billion is more like it, informed observers believe. If brought up to three-year levels, the stockpile probably would be worth \$6 billion. (For the sake of simplicity, the government's tin stockpile and the Interior Department's stock of price-supported commodities are here considered as part of the National Stockpile.)

2. *The Defense Production Act*

Stockpile. Basic objectives are nearly complete, with the inventory valued at \$1.37 billion. Included in this stockpile are 680,000 short tons of aluminum worth \$345 million, 136,000 tons of copper worth about \$75 million and 7,400 tons of lead worth about \$3 million. (Interestingly, all one has to do to find out how much of any sort of material is in this stockpile is to ask; the cloak of secrecy shielding the National Stockpile's contents is here absent.) Then there are about \$808 million worth of "put" clauses still in effect whereby a metals producer can require Uncle Sam to buy from plants that received governmental financial aid. Two outstanding contracts are for 265,000 tons of aluminum and for 97,000 tons of copper, worth \$131 million and \$55 million respectively.

3. *The Supplemental Stockpile.* This farm-surplus-turned-into-metals-surplus is now valued at more than \$800 million. It is difficult to establish its exact worth because under the early barter deals (the fore-runners of the 1954 barter program) the proceeds of the swapping went into the National Stockpile.

ALL these confusing accretions provided the background for the OCDM's announcement, just a year ago, that it would begin disposing of certain materials. After the first flurry died down, there was a deceptive period of quiet and the issue faded from the center of the stage. But it was back again, twice as raucously, last spring. The General Service Administration said it would dispose of 128,000 tons of copper to alleviate a short-run shortage that was threatening to run spot prices far above the basic copper price of about 30¢ a pound. Fabricators had asked for help, G.S.A. explained. The price of copper sagged immediately on the London Metal Exchange. There were four days of near-panic as the price went down as much as 4 cents a pound. Then the G.S.A. came back and said it wasn't going to dispose of the copper, but was merely considering such action.

Nevertheless, the nagging fears of the mining interests continue. Their Senate champion, Senator James Murray (D.-Mont.), has used every

bit of his influence as chairman of the Interior Committee to bring some semblance of order out of the long-term chaos his constituents are facing. As far back as the middle of 1958, he saw the bill he co-authored with Interior Secretary Fred A. Seaton pass the Senate, only to run afoul of the House. It was a sweeping metal-mineral subsidy program that would have had the effect of prolonging the life expectancy of the American nonferrous mining industry well past the time when unfettered mining economics would have consigned it to the dust bin.

For want of such a bill, the Administration relies today on import quotas on lead and zinc and a tariff on copper. These controls have the effect of restricting trade with certain uncommitted nations.

Meanwhile, the stockpile hangs over the marketplace. The mere existence of debate as to its usefulness tends to depress prices.

Elsewhere, the critics of the massive stockpiling began to have their innings. No doubt they were roused by the brief flurry over the 128,000 tons of D.P.A. copper. The *Magazine of Wall Street* in mid-August warned that overstocking of materials is a waste of our dollars "for which there is neither economic nor military justification." One of the better-known confidential business letters said that the entire program "has gotten to be a racket, full of deceit and mercenary motives. The thing goes on . . . never ends."

As indicated above, a large portion of our economy rests on the production of copper, lead and zinc. That we have sent much of our high-grade copper and lead roaring out machine-gun barrels in the form of bullets is only of passing interest at this point. Suffice it to say that one way or another we have managed to get rid of the best of our ores. (The best of the Mesabi Range is at the bottom of the Pacific in sunk planes and ships, or rusted beyond repair on some atoll in the form of old tanks; the highest grade of our petroleum is similarly gone forever in a spasm of military waste; our bauxite, nickel, and even our topsoil, are gone in large part — and gone in vain.) We are approaching

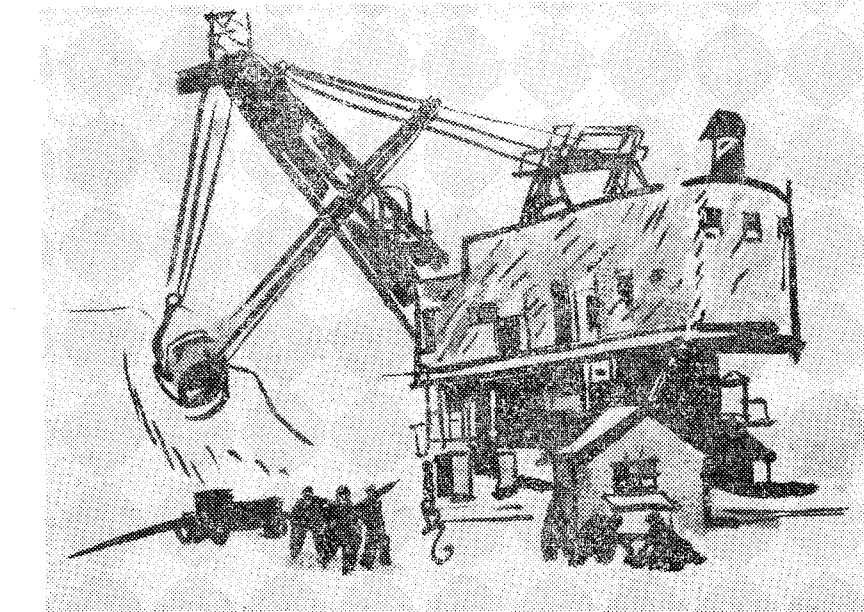
The NATION

a plateau of high-cost ore production. So high grow these costs that only something like a stockpile program can make mining economically feasible in the long-term future.

"The richest hill on earth," as they used to call that incredibly large copper lode that Butte, Montana, sits upon, once contained ore composed of 35 per cent copper. That was high-grade ore in the late nineteenth century. Today high-grade copper ore is anything over 4 per cent. At Butte, the Anaconda Mining Company today mines ore of only 0.8 per cent richness. Phelps-Dodge Corporation's Lavendar pit in the Bisbee East section of Arizona provides ore ranging from 0.4 per cent to 1.15 per cent. Kennecott Copper Company's immense Bingham Canyon, Utah, open pit (which supplies about one-third of domestic copper ore) yields 0.9 per cent ore.

According to one metallurgist, 80 per cent of domestic copper costs more than 25c a pound to mine, mill, leach and refine. This cost compares with the going price of about 30c a pound for copper. The margin, once all other costs are figured in, is dangerously thin by the companies' standards. They do not hesitate to confront their laboring men with these figures at bargaining time. Yet copper miners have made steady increases in productivity. In Butte, Anaconda today can mine as much ore as in 1956 with half the men.

The 1.7c copper import tax that was reimposed in July, 1958 (along with import quotas on lead and zinc, imposed in September of that year) materially restricts imports. In zinc, for example, imports were 30.2 per cent lower (in tons of finished metal) in 1958 than in 1957. Throughout the first three quarters of 1958, zinc sold for 10c a pound. When the Administration announced its import quota, the price reacted predictably, leaping to 11.5c a pound. According to Charles Ince of the St. Joseph Lead Company, writing in *Engineering & Mining Journal*, "The government was a material influence in the market throughout the year [1958]. During the first six months the continuance of [stockpile] purchases of domestic metal . . . buoyed up the market through . . . the re-



Ben Golden

cession. . . . Otherwise prices [for zinc] might have broken to the 1954 low of 9¼c a pound."

As for lead prices, they stood at 10¾c a pound on August 13, 1958, (about six weeks before the import quota went into effect) and rose to 12, 12½, and finally 13c directly thereafter. (Secretary Seaton had unsuccessfully sought legislation earlier to stabilize the price at 14¼c a pound.)

Just before the copper import tax was reimposed, the price of copper had gone as low as 24c a pound (making 80 per cent of our domestic supply uneconomic, based on the metallurgist's statement above). But the price made a rapid recovery once imports were restricted, and at this writing (partly as a result of strike-induced shortages) prices have risen in some markets to as high as 38c. Even though, at this writing, the copper strike has gone on for 111 days, the copper companies can console themselves with their vast foreign holdings. Kennecott's Braden Copper Company in Chile, Anaconda's La Africana and Portrerillos holdings in Chile and its Cananea Consolidated holdings in Mexico, or Phelps-Dodge's Toquepala holdings in Peru (with a reported 1 billion tons of 1 per cent copper ore) all stand as insulators from domestic cost problems.

That leaves the American miners a dwindling group of workers who have not drawn regular pay for more

than three months as a result of the present strike. And it leaves them, even when they go back to work, the first victims of any sizable disposal of the national stockpile. For let the prices fall close to 25c a pound for copper and much domestic mining of copper, lead and zinc will come to a halt.

Given the choice between domestic mining unemployment (with the ultimate loss to us of the skills of non-ferrous metals miners) and the far-removed distress in a nation like Peru, Chile, or the Belgian Congo, there can be little doubt as to which course politics will point out.

HAVING reached this juncture, it is no more unrealistic to suggest a new set of requirements for our national minerals policy than it is to accept the necessity of peace in planning the future course of national stockpiling and of our military policy.

It is in that connection that the suggestion made by Antonio Carrillo-Flores, Mexico's Ambassador to this country, before the recent National Foreign Trade Convention in New York, deserves a wide hearing. Carrillo-Flores argued with close logic that the world's underdeveloped nations depend on their raw-materials exports and that they are at the mercy of world commodity price trends. Why, asked Carrillo-Flores, shouldn't the developed countries (and specifically the United States) withdraw by stages from trade in

raw materials and take to themselves the profitable fields of manufactured and capital goods? (Implicit was the deeper suggestion that these countries can afford to withdraw from production as well.)

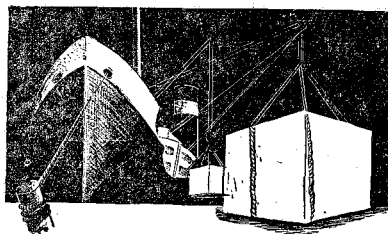
As indicated above, the impartial testimony of rising mining costs (and of dwindling grades of ore) makes it economically feasible for the United States to point to the day when it can depend on imports for its raw materials. The argument takes further support from the clear certainty that these emerging, raw-materials-producing nations will be our biggest customers for such capital goods as heavy turbines, which take great quantities of copper, for example. We can reasonably expect to demonstrate our system's superiority if we consent to increasing the buying power of these nations.

The argument that "national security" demands a domestic mining industry regardless of cost can carry no more weight than that "national security" demands five-year supplies of "strategic" materials. If the national security is really tested in a war, will any argument truly be relevant? Will anything, for that matter, be relevant? Would war be possible for a nation that had its destiny firmly interlocked with nations that can grow and prosper by partner-to-partner trade?

Or, if you prefer, put it in terms

of America — America the beautiful. Demands for a long-range national minerals policy to guarantee a strong and profitable domestic mining industry (such demands dominated the American Mining Congress' meeting in September) sound good enough now in the last days of our national adolescence. But the fact of the matter is that the "strong and profitable domestic mining industry" finds itself searching frantically for new sources of ores, as most of the good ore bodies have long since seen their best days. And where is it looking? In woodland preserves set aside for farms, forests, fishing streams; in the public domain. The *Engineering & Mining Journal*, reporting on the Mining Congress meeting, said:

Interviews with mining men at the convention and elsewhere indicated that many areas of the U. S. are unattractive to venture capital because of discouraging state politics and state tax policies. We mention politics . . . because each time we asked why efforts to encourage mining were defeated, we met with the same answer—the farmers, the fishermen,



and hunters, the laborers, the conservationists, and non-mining businessmen outnumber mining voters.

The editorial went on to point out that most of these ore bodies "are so low in grade that they are virtually valueless in the ground. Their real value accrues in the amount of work that has to be done to mine, mill, smelt and refine them."

One industrial-materials expert foresees the day when the Appalachian Range will be studded with chemical-mining plants that attach themselves to similar low-grade ore bodies and suck the valueless ore into process tanks where it will be upgraded to economically significant percentages. One may ask, what is to become of our remaining wilderness under these conditions? Why should we go to such great cost when the underdeveloped and uncommitted nations can do far more at greater efficiency and at less monetary or scenic cost and, in the process, become our firm economic allies?

Thus what began with war may continue with peace. For the next decade — and more — the preparation for peace can have no better starting place than in a realistic, equitable and deliberate solution to the hitherto baffling question: What do we do with \$8.1 billion worth of copper, lead, zinc, aluminum, tungsten, coconut oil, opium, duck feathers and castor oil?

THIS POST-CHRISTIAN ERA . . . by Gabriel Vahanian

DESPITE the overt, proselytizing religiosity of our present culture and society, we live in a post-Christian era. People try God, or original sin, as others try the newest medicine. The historian Arnold Toynbee acknowledges this fact, while the Oxford-Cambridge Christian scholar, C. S. Lewis, ponders over the "un-

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christening" of Europe, particularly noticeable in literature, as the most important turning point since its christening.

A number of reasons may be brought forward justifying the use of the phrase, "post-Christian era" to describe our time. At least three reasons are cited here, which indicate the perspective of this article and lay down the path of its argument.

First, Christianity is today synonymous with religiosity. Its appeal to the masses is almost entirely based on a diluted version of the

original faith. The gap between the gospel and "the power of positive thinking" is greater than the one which, according to Tertullian (160-220 A.D.), separated Athens from Jerusalem — pagan wisdom from biblical truth. For the sake of easy consumption, the radical character of biblical faith is diluted into religiosity: purely formal, innocuous and somewhat hygienic. The Christian vocabulary has very little or no meaning for modern man except for the victim—let us say, zealot—of religiosity. And religiosity often is but the cunning by which secularism tri-

umphs over and wipes out faith in God and, instead, sets up faith—faith in anything—as an end in itself. Such religiosity only fulfills civic ends: today it is socially fashionable to be religious. Religious observance has reached an all-time high; and religious affiliation has attained peaks which Jonathan Edwards would not have dreamed of.

Second, in proportion as Christianity is displaced by religiosity, it no longer inspires contemporary culture; its spirit does not impregnate the ethos of our time. As a result, Christianity stands in apposition, if not in opposition, to the modern world. The cleavage between them becomes more and more grievous. Nor does modern man look at all like any of the Big Fisherman's contemporaries. To be sure, attempts — and valid ones — are made to bring together the essence of Christianity and the realities of the modern world, to correlate the Christian answer to the questions of modern man (as Tillich does, for example). Nevertheless, a sword of Damocles hangs over Christianity. For the question cannot be held back: is Christianity, supposing that it has not yet lost, fighting a losing battle?

Third, Christianity has at any rate lost its hegemony. Whether spiritually or politically considered, or both, this hegemony, arduously established in the course of centuries, is now disputed. Certainly, it does not make itself felt in international relations, except as it finds expression in the blunder of a diplomat inviting Jews and Arabs to settle their differences in a Christian spirit. It has already lost its scepter. It has lost even more on the national level — what with the assimilation of democracy with syncretistic religiosity, of which politicians, among others, speak eloquently and fervently.

Let us develop these three points successively in order to clarify and substantiate the assertion that we live in a post-Christian era.

I

An observation by Norman Birnbaum will provide an adequate starting point. He once said that "the typical American today is, in fact, a Calvinist with neither fear of hell

nor hope for heaven." A contradiction in terms? It would have been in another age. Today, however, this description is significant in three respects, depending on what heaven and hell mean for this American. The first, which deals with the devaluation of biblical terms and symbols, is offered here as the least likely, though a theologian would wish it were the most significant. Indeed, if heaven and hell rather literally mean "pie in the sky up there" and "gnashing of teeth down below," then no doubt the typical American is better off today, provided of course he has preserved his faith in the sovereignty of God, which is what these terms symbolize; just as



he is better off if they mean a future life which deprecates and negates this life, and if they imply turning one's back on this world. But this is not likely. The second respect in which this description is significant is therefore closer to reality. Most probably, Norman Birnbaum's remark underscores the fact that the typical American's religion is a religiosity without marrow. The third implication hangs on the likelihood of the second. The average man is at once too religious and not religious enough. There is nothing surprising in that. The latent religiosity of every man has purely and simply taken over wherever Christianity (seen here under the aspect of Calvinism) has abdicated. The vacuum created by this abdication is filled with a religiosity as shallow as it is

intense, because religiosity means that one believes merely for the sake of believing and because the biblical terminology is increasingly foreign to our self-understanding.

II

To be sure, the concepts of heaven and hell are not so essential to the structure of the Christian faith as foes and fundamentalists alike narrowly-mindedly claim. The Christian faith centers on the immediacy of God's transcendent presence in this world of things and beings. This, of course, requires *today* other modes of thought in order to convey what in a previous era the traditional concepts adequately expressed. The faith itself does not hinge on those concepts, but on their content. To be more specific, the world of the New Testament, as Rudolf Bultmann keeps reminding us, is like a three-story edifice, since the earth is thought to be flat, lying between heaven above and hell below. But new dimensions force us to correct ancient perspectives, though the question, "Who am I?" remains as central or fundamental now as then. Moreover, constant reinterpretation is a task which the perspectives themselves demand of every generation. To be sure, this reinterpretation also carries a danger — that of watering down the essential tenets of the faith, which are *independent* of their linguistic vehicles. But this task is as difficult as it is urgent. It is difficult because no common language, religious or artistic, girds even Western culture itself. It is urgent, because of those who clamor for a return to raw traditional concepts.

IN THIS respect, Paul Tillich's enterprise must come under consideration, even if to give only an idea of its scope and magnitude. His is today a unique attempt to mold a language at once consonant with the biblical and traditional Christian symbols and with modern man's self-understanding. The nature, if not the method, of his undertaking recalls the work of synthesis effected by Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century. Without hesitation, Tillich substitutes, for example, terms like

"estrangement" for sinfulness and "courage to be" for salvation. But it is also Tillich who is considered an arch-heretic by traditional Christians and is suspected by those — often non-Christians — for whom Christianity remains inextricably bound up with crude and rudimentary beliefs such as hell and damnation. Be that as it may, by contrast with that of Thomas Aquinas, in the world of Paul Tillich — that is, in our modern world—God is a superannuated projection: He is dead. There is no absolute. Ours is not only the world of relativity, it is also that of infinitesimal compartmentalization. And it is *infantile*, which means etymologically that it does not speak a common language, if it speaks at all. It is a world of primeval, even primitive, religiosity. It defeats the well-meaning, if not always the mature, professional religious thinker. Followers of Tillich's modern-dress Christianity sometimes resemble those of Peale, Graham or Sheen.

NOT surprisingly, "God is a livin' doll," said the Hollywood actress turned Sunday-school teacher. Here is in many ways a more damning pronouncement than Nietzsche's decree of the death of God. Increasingly, one has been able to detect a tendency, especially typical of popular but also of some high-brow religious literature, to emphasize God's love to the exclusion of the no less biblical idea of God's wrath. How could a livin' doll be wrathful? No, we have not become more refined in our religious feelings and language. That is not the reason why we stress an inoffensive God's love. Actually, we have domesticated God in such a way that, as *Waiting for Godot* seems to imply, He evaporates into a tragicomic mythological atavism; or He has become so diminutive as not to be recognizable any longer. To the actress' livin' doll corresponds Lucky's fractured existence and his broken mental record of self-understanding:

Given the existence as uttered forth in the public/works of PUNCH and WATTMANN of a personal/God quaquaquaqu with white beard/quaquaquaqu outside time without extension/who from the heights of divine apathia divine/ athambia divine

aphasia loves us dearly with/some exceptions for reasons unknown but time/will tell and suffers like the divine Miranda with/those who for reasons unknown but time will tell/are plunged in torment plunged in fire whose fire/flames if that continues and who can doubt it will/fire the firmament that is to say blast hell to/heaven so blue still and calm so calm. . . .

After twenty centuries of Christian influence, the play laconically takes note of the irrelevance of Christian categories of thought and patterns of existence:

Vladimir: Do you remember the Gospels?

Estragon: I remember the maps of the Holy Land. Coloured they were. Very pretty. The Dead Sea was pale blue. The very look of it made me thirsty. That's where we'll go, I used to say, that's where we'll go for our honeymoon. We'll swim. We'll be happy.

Can you think of a better way to describe God as an anachronism and to point out the irrelevance of Christianity? Strangely — or perhaps not so strangely — what Estragon is yearning for is no different from the promises made to the devotees of inspirational literature, whether it is called peace of mind or of soul or "brilliant success" thanks to which "you will be gloriously happy" (Emmet Fox).

Now, the Bible does speak of the wrath of God. Some regard this as another aspect of the generally anthropomorphic nature of biblical utterances about God. This is not wrong, but to put it merely like this misses the point. Surely, biblical man yearned after happiness as much as modern man. Yet he did not think that God lost His majesty because He could be angry. Rudolph Otto's interpretation of this biblical insight seems most sound. In his book, *The Idea of the Holy*, he shows how in the biblical writers' apprehension God is all that their anthropomorphic descriptions imply *and something more*. He is love and something more, which the unexpected stress on His wrath intends to convey. At any rate, He is not a livin' doll. Such an unbiblical familiarity justifiably calls only for an iconoclastic retort like that of the French poet, Jacques

Prévert: "Our Father, which art in heaven, comma, stay where you are." Not only has modern religion inserted a comma, it has also opened wide a chasm between God and man, when it has not simply sublimated God, what with all that sweetness and sugar-coating nonsense. The net result is that religion looks more and more archaic, even tends to resemble magic. But inspirational books are not alone responsible for that.

Quite recently, the Archbishop of Paris, acting on behalf of the Vatican, was reminding the priest-workers (priests who took jobs in factories) that they owe the Church unconditional obedience. Apparently some are still carrying on their apostolate, though it was forbidden by order of the Vatican. Not unlike the heroine of *The Nun's Story*, they felt that the needs of disinherited men came before ecclesiastical routine and sacerdotal discipline. They did not look or act like conventional priests, but understood that if Christianity wants to preserve some degree of relevance in a society which unlike the medieval is no longer sacred, the Church cannot afford the luxury of thinking that people center their lives upon itself; they felt that the Church must be present where people work, eat, drink, suffer, kill time or make love. Instead, the Church condemned their venture, because these priests, as a Jesuit said of their fictional counterparts in some contemporary novels, seemed to act as if they were sent directly by God and were not ministers of the Church. It seems, does it not, that one cannot these days be sent by God and be a minister of the Church?

III

But then why worry about all that? one might ask. Some years ago, Elio Vittorini put this question even more incisively. The medieval synthesis, he observed, relied on Catholicism; bourgeois growth and progress on Protestantism: how could Christians, he asked, concern themselves about the Christian quality of an age which will be neither medieval nor bourgeois? Indeed, "technological" and syncretistic religiosity has begun to succeed Christianity. Does it have anything to do with faith, biblical faith? Obviously not, since

one of the premises of technological or do-it-yourself religion is that it makes no difference what kind of faith it is. Religion thus loses its nerve. Quite logically, it also becomes more and more a civic matter, as it was in ancient Greece and Rome. American democracy, in particular, is so religious that it would horrify the most Calvinist among the Puritans. Like clothes, religion is mass-produced according to standard sizes: in this case, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. The Protestant Reinhold Niebuhr would not convert Jews, and Jacques Maritain, a Roman Catholic, in his social theory advocates pluralism, including religious pluralism so long as the social structure and underlying understanding of human nature are based on the recognition of an absolute (which, contrary to Pascal, need not be the God of Jesus Christ). Is it any wonder, then, that the agnostics or atheists should feel that they are squeezed out? They have been had by religionists themselves, though it is also their own fault if they let this happen.

THE question is not whether Niebuhr and Maritain are right or wrong; or whether it is preferable to advocate a return to the ways of past religious expressions and experiences, to the Catholic corporate society, or to the proselytizing zeal of Protestantism. Not only is this historically impossible; it is theologically undesirable. To take a biblical example: when the Children of Israel were settled in Canaan, the prophets kept reminding them of the unique existence they had lived through the desert. What they meant was not a return to the social and cultural conditions of desert life, but that *mutatis mutandis* Israel should live now in the same spirit of faith in the true God which enlivened it then.

Incidentally, our condition today is not very different from that of the ancient Hebrews. As the world continuously shrinks, man becomes by the same token more and more of a nomad. In one form or another, this generation is one of displaced persons. Of course we don't have to pitch a tent now here, now there. But what is more important is that spiritual and geographic parochialism

is no longer valid, much less tolerable. What happens in Algeria affects the United States; and what happens in the South is no longer purely civil or national; it has diplomatic and international repercussions. And when it is our job that conditions the place where we reside, we are ironically more nomadic despite the routine of our provisionally sedentary occupation. Regardless of astronauts, we are nearer where we started from than we commonly think. Our religion is as crude as that of the fetishist.

One might draw this inference: social, political and international events, rather than religion itself, have forced religious groups to tolerate and sometimes to borrow from each other. Contemporary society is a melting pot which affects not only national or ethnic origins, but also religious affiliations, even while its syncretistic religiosity is affected by the pressure of international relations. The nascent ritualism of certain Protestant denominations may be a gain insofar as a rapprochement between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism is concerned. It is not a gain if the rapprochement depends on a loss of nerve in Protestantism. Similar remarks could be made about Catholicism or Judaism. But this is the point I wish to make: a blanket of anonymity is descending upon religion, whose resurgence in the last decade perhaps is just a cover-up for the absence of faith in God, a luxury necessitated by the "death of God."

But this resurgence hardly conceals the loss of hegemony suffered by Christianity. There was a time when people, i.e., European people, considered Christianity as the only religion. With the advent of the modern period, Christianity became the "best" religion, especially when it was put in that position with the help of imperialist powers. Today, the Continent has lost its prominence and America does not want to offend the parts of the free world which are not Christian. Maybe this is why the fight against communism is envisioned as a Christian crusade: it is the only area where Christianity can still proclaim its superiority without offending anybody, including those who wield the power of international blackmail.

IV

Are we, indeed, living in a post-Christian era? The answer is twofold.

1. We are living in a post-Christian era when Christianity sinks into religiosity. When this is the case, no longer can Christianity vitally define itself in terms of biblical faith. Instead, it acquires the attributes of moralism, or those of a psychological and emotional welfare-state. Further, we live in a post-Christian era because modern culture is gradually losing the marks of that Christianity which brought it into being and shaped it. Whether from a national or an international perspective, Christianity has long since ceased to be co-extensive with our culture, which day by day comes under extraneous influences. And we live in a post-Christian era when tolerance gives way to religious syncretism, an amalgam of beliefs and attitudes without content or backbone. Indeed, faith, hope and love have nothing to do with these substitutes, no more than God with an idol, or my authentic self with the masks I am wearing.

2. Admittedly, these statements or, more precisely, the statement that we live in a post-Christian era, may seem somewhat rash. Yet, one must ultimately come to terms with the reality here uncovered, even though partially and imperfectly. Undoubtedly, in the nineteenth century, Kierkegaard already complained about the tepid quality of the church and excoriated the Christianity of his day; and many others could be cited who before him took a similar stand.

Undoubtedly, therefore, every age is post-Christian. But, so far, this has been true *only theologically* speaking. Aside from this, however, one would have to admit that, until now, the formative tradition of Western culture has been imbued with the spirit of Christianity. Regardless of how approximately, our culture has been a variation on the translation of this spirit into the arts and the sciences, into a style of life. But the novelty, or tragedy, of our situation lies in the fact that our age is post-Christian *both theologically and culturally*.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Tragedies We Need

THE COMPLETE GREEK TRAGEDIES. Edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore. (Various translators). 4 vols., boxed. University of Chicago Press. 2088 pp. \$20.

Kenneth Rexroth

NOTHING gives a case-hardened reviewer more pleasure than the chance to say, "This is it. No qualifications. Go out and buy it everybody." I haven't felt like this since I did the first job on Needham's history of Chinese science. As the plays have come out over the past few years in small volumes I have said that the project was a major event in American scholarship and far from a minor event in American poetry. Since the Renaissance, one of the symptoms of cultural health has been the ability of a given period of national culture to raise translation to the level of high literature, to assimilate the past on the most noble level. Perhaps American civilization isn't as badly off as we readers and writers in the liberal weeklies sometimes think. We have produced something over here to match the great Tudor and Victorian translators. (Yes, the Victorians were great translators. We just aren't Victorians, so they seem Victorian to us.)

Where do you begin with such a feast of good things? David Grene, William Arrowsmith, Rex Warner are all very good poets and for my taste Richmond Lattimore and John Frederick Nims are especially fine ones. I have always considered Witter Bynner's translation of Yuan Ch'en's "Lament for His Wife," in *The Jade Mountain* one of the best

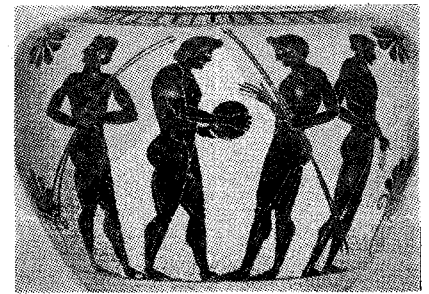
American poems of the twentieth century, quite the equal of Pound's more famous translations. Many of the others may have published good poetry under their own names that I am not familiar with; certainly here, working with the Greek text, they come off very well—without exceptions. Of course, some are better than others, but none are bad. None of the plays are anachronistic or hobby-horse perversions of what the Greeks actually said. They are all clear, accurate reflections of the Greek in well-polished mirrors of contemporary American language and taste.

Not just language and taste: although they are far from being playbook "treatments," they are eminently actable—at least they are when the Greek is. I have only the mildest objection. Euripides, on the whole, has been cleaned up. A good deal of nonsense has been uttered, following T. S. Eliot, about Gilbert Murry's Swinburnean translations of Euripides. If Eliot had had more Greek, he would have known that Euripides *does* sound like Swinburne—given the idiom of his time. He was a hysterical neurotic, and for the turn of the century, Murry conveyed very well the special vertigo of his verse. It is a pity he was never translated by Baudelaire, but alas, Baudelaire, financed by an American millionaire, translated a bit of *Hiawatha*! The translations of the choruses of the *Ion* and the *Hippolytus* that H. D. did long ago, and which can be found in her *Collected Poems*, hit off the Euripidean vertigo exactly, and it is a great pity they couldn't have been incorporated in these versions. But who will quarrel on this score? The translation here is more accurate, and lines like David Grene's, "Aphrodite has broken her spirit/With the terrible sickness of impious love" catch exactly the Euripidean accent.

The beautiful typography, the satisfying paper, the chaste decorations, all of which have become familiar as the small volumes came out, have been climaxed in the complete work by a stroke of genius. The box is an "off black," with a terra cotta band, white letters and two small decorative black animals, and the books—four volumes lined up, Aeschylus, Sophocles, two volumes of Euripides—in beautifully graded tones of terra cotta, volume by volume, from cream to Venetian red,

black vertical lettering and little white people off the vases. What a joy to see!

Why should these books be, as they say, in every home? And why these books especially in every American home? Because we of all people need most the Greek tragedians. Hard as it may be for you and me to believe, irrefutable evidence is piling up that an appreciable number of Americans really do believe the Great Fraud of the mass culture, what the French call the *hallucination publicitaire*. They know only what they read in the papers. They think it is really like the movies. Try saying to a well-educated American, even a psychoanalyst, or a fashionable minister



of God, "Life is tragic." Nine times out of ten he will answer, "Oh, well, now, I wouldn't be so pessimistic as all that." He doesn't know that the art of being civilized is the art of learning to read between the lies. He is very far indeed from knowing that the deepest, the most unshakable optimism is based on the tragic sense of life, as one good European once called it. They say our civilization is based on the Bible, Homer and the Greek tragedians. For my taste, the Bible is a dangerous book, because it can be, and with few exceptions has been, interpreted to give guarantees to life that life in fact never offers. Here in these plays, as in Homer, is life as it really is, men as we really are, when we beat our wives or cheat our grocer or plan our perfect societies or run for office or write our poems—but projected against the empty and splendid heavens, and made noble. Take away the costumes and the grand language, the same pride, the same doom, that haunts Orestes also haunts every public accountant, every housewife, every salesman. How much nicer people, and how much happier they'd all be, if they only knew it. Here is their chance to learn.

KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of *Bird in the Bush*, recently published by *New Directions*.

The NATION



Vases: The Hearst Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

The mood of optimism may be engendered by the season, but the despairing cry, raised often and in a kaleidoscope of formulations, that our culture is being submerged by fear, selfishness, material accumulation and the lemming-weight of population, seems to be challenged, if not refuted, by the artifacts that the culture continues to produce. Too much is produced — from lyric poems to six-lane highways, much too much — and the panning for ore becomes more laborious year by year. But the lode does not give out.

The list of books immediately below was selected by the literary editor from those reviewed in *The Nation* during the past twelve months, and is offered as a broadly varied Christmas shopping list. It will also serve as evidence that, about midway in the twentieth century, men were acutely aware of their past, their nature, their associations and their immortal souls. The list has been kept short, because brevity itself seems a virtue in the holiday chaos, and it contains none of those books touted as "just perfect for Aunt Gertrude." These are titles for people who use books as part of the structure of life; for such readers the list is almost foolproof.

In the pages that follow, we publish the customary choices by *Nation* contributors, a critical survey of the year's art books, a list of works published in the year by *Nation* writers of the year, and an extended list of paperbacks. The roundup ends with a list of records compiled by the music editor.

Culture and Society. By Raymond Williams. Columbia. \$5.
Evelyn Waugh. By Frederick J. Stopp. Little, Brown. \$4.
Three Novels: Molloy; Malone Dies; The Unnamable. By Samuel Beckett. Grove. \$6.50.
Henderson the Rain King. By Saul Bellow. Viking. \$4.50.
Borstal Boy. By Brendan Behan. Knopf. \$4.50.

Nelson Algren

The Long Way Through. By James Ballard. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.50.
Borstal Boy. By Brendan Behan. Knopf. \$4.50.
Lover Man. By Alston Anderson. Doubleday. \$3.75.
The Flame Trees of Thika. By Elspeth Huxley. Morrow. \$4.
A Kindly Contagion. By Walter Toman. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.95.
Cast the First Stone. By John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris. McGraw-Hill. \$4.50.

Crane Brinton

The Search. By C. P. Snow. Scribner. \$3.95.

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Below the Tide. By Penelope Tremayne. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.
The Shores of America: Thoreau's Inward Exploration. By Sherman Paul. Illinois. \$6.75.
Star Wormwood. By Curtis Bok. Knopf. \$3.95.
The Harmless People. By Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. Knopf. \$4.75.
The Way It Was. By Harold Loeb. Criterion. \$5.95.
The King's War. By C. V. Wedgwood. Macmillan. \$7.50.
The Logic of Scientific Discovery. By Karl P. Popper. Basic. \$7.50.
Conversations with Igor Stravinsky. By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Doubleday. \$4.
Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter. By Simone de Beauvoir. World. \$5.
The Empire City. By Paul Goodman. Bobbs-Merrill. \$6.95.
The Cool World. By Warren Miller. Little, Brown. \$3.75.
The Temple of the Golden Pavilion. By Yukio Mishima. Knopf. \$4.
A History of Western Morals. By Crane Brinton. Harcourt Brace. \$7.50.
The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht. By John Willett. New Directions. \$8.
Life Studies. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.50.
Conviction. Edited by Norman MacKenzie. Monthly Review Press. \$4.
James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. \$12.50.
A Kindly Contagion. By Walter Toman. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.95.
The Prophet Unarmed: Trotsky. Vol. II. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. \$9.50.
The Body's Cage. By Benjamin De Mott. Little, Brown. \$4.
Pickett's Charge. By George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
A Biography of Edward Marsh. By Christopher Hassall. Harcourt Brace. \$6.75.
Law as Large as Life. By Charles P. Curtis. Simon & Schuster. \$3.50.
The Elizabethans and America. By A. L. Rowse. Harper. \$4.
John Jay Chapman. By Richard B. Hovey. Columbia. \$6.50.
Report from Palermo. By Danilo Dolci. Orion. \$4.

The Prophet Unarmed. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. \$9.50.
The Structure of Nations and Empires. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribner. \$5.
The Age of the Democratic Revolution. By R. R. Palmer. Princeton. \$7.50.
France. By Albert L. Guérard. Michigan. \$8.75.

Emile Capouya

The Causes of World War III. By C. Wright Mills. Simon & Schuster. \$3.50 cloth; \$1.50 paper.
Gods and Men. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Knopf. \$7.50.
Henderson the Rain King. By Saul

Bellow. Viking. \$4.50.
Conviction. Edited by Norman MacKenzie. Monthly Review Press. \$4.
Tidings. By Ernst Wiechert. Macmillan. \$4.50.

Harold Clurman

The Tradition of the New. By Harold Rosenberg. Horizon. \$4.95.
The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht. By John Willett. New Directions. \$8.
The Human Condition. By Hannah Arendt. Chicago. \$4.75.
A Life in the Theatre. By Tyrone Guthrie. McGraw-Hill. \$5.95.
Letters of Strindberg to Harriet Bosse. Edited by Arvid Paulson. Nelson. \$5.

David Cort

Advertisements for Myself. By Norman Mailer. Putnam's. \$5.
Little Business in the American Economy. By Joseph D. Phillips. Illinois. \$3.50 cloth; \$2.50 paper.
Beloved Infidel. By Sheila Graham and Gerold Frank. Holt. \$3.95.
The Day Nothing Happened. By Corey Ford. Doubleday. \$1.50.
Thailand. By Noel F. Busch. Van Nostrand. \$3.50.

Mina Curtiss

Mistress to an Age: A Life of Madame de Staël. By J. Christopher Herold. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.95.
The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot. By Angus Wilson. Viking. \$4.95.
100 Selected Poems. By E. E. Cummings. Grove. \$1.95.
Proust. By Samuel Beckett. Grove. \$2.50 cloth; \$1.25 paper.
The Swinburne Letters. Edited by Cecil Y. Lang. Yale. \$15 set.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

Voices of Dissent. By Erich Fromm and others. Grove. \$3.75 cloth; \$1.95 paper.
Lady Chatterley's Lover. By D. H. Lawrence. Grove. \$6 cloth; 50c paper.
Report from Palermo. By Danilo Dolci. Orion. \$4.
Life Studies. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$3.50.
The Blasters' Handbook: A Manual Describing Explosives and Practical Methods of Using Them. (Fourteenth Edition). E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Co., Wilmington, Del. \$1.75.

Carl Dreher

Last Essays. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. \$4.50.
The Wall Between. By Anne Braden. Monthly Review Press. \$5.
James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. \$12.50.



Edison. By Matthew Josephson. McGraw Hill. \$6.95.
The Eavesdroppers. By Samuel Dash, Robert E. Knowlton and Richard F. Schwartz. Rutgers. \$6.50.

William Eastlake

The Optimist. By Herbert Gold. Little, Brown. \$4.50.
Angers of Spring. By Joseph Whitehill. Little, Brown. \$4.50.
Fade Out. By Douglas Woolf. Grove. \$3.50 cloth; \$1.75 paper.

George P. Elliott

Heart's Needle. By W. D. Snodgrass. Knopf. \$3.75.
The Optimist. By Herbert Gold. Little, Brown. \$4.50.
A Stranger's Privilege. By Robert Pack. Macmillan. \$3.50.
The Body's Cage. By Benjamin DeMott. Little, Brown. \$4.
Satires and Epistles of Horace. Translated by Smith Palmer Bovie. Chicago. \$1.95 paper.

Horace Gregory

We. By Eugene Zamiatin. Dutton. Paper. \$1.45.
100 Selected Poems. By E. E. Cummings. Grove. \$1.95.
The Masks of God. By Joseph Campbell. Viking. \$6.
The Writer and the Absolute. By Wyndham Lewis. Hillary House. \$4.25.

James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. \$12.50.

Ramon Guthrie

The Stones of Florence. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt Brace. \$15.
Modern Verse in English. Edited by David Cecil and Allen Tate. Macmillan. \$5.
Warrior's Rest. By Christiane Rochefort. McKay. \$3.95.
The Devil in Bucks County. By Edmund Schiddel. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.
Petit Larousse: The New 1959 Edition. Tudor. \$7.95.

Alan Harrington

Sight and Insight. By Alexander Eliot. McDowell Obolensky. \$3.50.
Arturo's Island. By Elsa Morante. Knopf. \$4.50.
The Optimist. By Herbert Gold. Little, Brown. \$4.50.
The Pledge. By Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Knopf. \$3.
The Law. By Roger Vailland. Knopf. \$3.95.

Alexander Laing

Graffiti. By Ramon Guthrie. Macmillan. \$1.
Mosaic and Other Poems. By Frederic Will. Pennsylvania State. \$2.
John Paul Jones. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown. \$6.50.
When Negroes March. By Herbert Garfinkel. Free Press. \$4.
The Years With Ross. By James Thurber. Little, Brown. \$5.

Dilys Laing

The Night of the Hammer. By Ned O'Gorman. Harcourt Brace. \$3.75.
The Temple of the Golden Pavilion. By Yukio Mishima. Knopf. \$4.
The Sleepwalkers. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. \$6.95.
Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology. Edited by R. Aldington. Putnam. \$15.
Heracitus. By Philip Wheelwright. Princeton. \$4.50.

Jean Martin

The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form. By Kenneth Clark. Pantheon. \$7.50.
The Elements of Style. By William Strunk, Jr. and E. B. White. Macmillan. \$2.50.

The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World. By John Malcolm Brinnen. Little, Brown. \$6.
Leonardo da Vinci. By Kenneth Clark. (Revised) Penguin. \$1.50.
Hiroshige's Tokaido in Prints and Poetry. Edited by Relko Chiba. Tuttle. \$2.50.

Vivian Mercier

James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. \$12.50.
J. M. Synge: 1871-1909. By David H. Greene and Edward M. Stephens. Macmillan. \$6.75.
The Irish Novelists: 1800-1850. By Thomas Flanagan. Columbia. \$6.75.
A Reader's Guide to William Butler Yeats. By John Unterecker. Noonday. \$1.45.
The Oxford Book of Medieval Latin Verse. Edited by Frederic James Raby. Oxford. \$3.40.
Songs. By Christopher Logue. Hutchinson (London). \$3.25.

Eve Merriam

The Survivor. By Carl Marzani. Cameron. \$5.95.
The Little Disturbances of Man. By Grace Paley. Doubleday. \$3.50.
Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter. By Simone de Beauvoir. World. \$5.
Inside the Khrushchev Era. By Giuseppe Boffa. Marzani & Munsell. \$5.
Graffiti. By Ramon Guthrie. Macmillan. \$1.

Fairfield Porter

A Season on Earth. By Kenneth Koch. Grove. \$3.50.
Poetry of Boris Pasternak. Putnam. \$4.
Alfred and Guinivere. By James Schuyler. Harcourt Brace. \$3.75.
The Tradition of the New. By Harold Rosenberg. Horizon. \$4.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

Sigmund Freud: Collected Papers. Ed. by James Strachey and others. Basic Books. 5 vols. \$25.
History of Science: Hellenistic Science and Culture in the Last Three Centuries, B.C. By George Sarton. Harvard. \$11.
Science and Civilization in China. Vol. 3: Mathematics and the Sciences of the Heavens and the Earth. By Joseph Needham and

Wang Ling. Cambridge. \$22.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

Life Studies. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.50.
Heart's Needle. By W. D. Snodgrass. Knopf. \$3.75.
Selected Poems. By Robert Duncan. City Lights. \$1.
Ladies' Day. By Aristophanes. Translated by Dudley Fitts. Harcourt Brace. \$4.
Light and Dark. By Barbara Howes. Wesleyan. \$1.65.
A Red Carpet for the Sun. By Irving Layton. Jargon. \$2.50.

Odell Shepard

The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Kathleen Coburn. Pantheon. 2 vols. \$12.50.
Darwin's Century. By Loren Eiseley. Doubleday. \$5.
Philosophy of History in Our Time. Edited by Hans Meyerhoff. Doubleday. \$1.25.
The Shores of America: Thoreau's Inward Exploration. By Sherman Paul. Illinois. \$6.75.
Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry. By Jacques Maritain. Pantheon. \$6.50.

George Steiner

The Prophet Unarmed. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. \$9.50.
James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. \$12.50.
Mountolive. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. \$3.95.
The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh. Edited by V. W. Van Gogh. 3 vols. New York Graphic Society. \$50.

The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution. By C. P. Snow. Cambridge. 75c.

Dan Wakefield

Goodbye Columbus. By Philip Roth. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.
The Cool World. By Warren Miller. Little, Brown. \$3.75.
Acrobat Admits. By Alfred Grossman. Braziller. \$3.50.
Pretexts. By Andre Gide. Meridian. \$5.
The Poison Tree. By Walter Clemons. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

William A. Williams

World Without War. By J. D. Bernal. Monthly Review Press. \$5.
Men Die. By H. L. Humes. Random House. \$3.50.
Conviction. Edited by Norman MacKenzie. Monthly Review Press. \$4.
The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution. By C. P. Snow. Cambridge. 75c.
The Big X. By Hank Searls. Harper. \$3.50.



Drawings by Bartoli.

Arts and Monuments

Lincoln Kirstein

GREEK PAINTING. By Martin Robertson. 100 reproductions in color. Skira. 196 pp. \$25.

Of all the great schools of painting, what we have left of classic Greece seems to suffer least from reproduction in black and white. Lacking the famous walls of Zeuxis and Apelles, vases and pots are the chief remains; these are so clearly delineated in their wiry silhouette that we can almost recall the color if we remember a few live proto-

types. But this lovely book gives us the added luxury of the tint of fired and glazed earth, surfaced with rich pigment, that enhances the delineation of form and delicacy of cursive brushwork. Details are big, undistorted; small irregularities in paint, even cracks and restorations give more life and meaning to the individual objects. We too often pass the great collections of vases in New York and Boston; they sit, unenjoyed. The excellent text greatly increases attention and pleasure.

JAPANESE PRINTS: From the Early Masters to the Modern. By James A. Michener. 257 plates, 55 in color. Charles E. Tuttle. 285 pp. \$15.

It is a sensuous pleasure to have this glorious book in one's hands, from the exquisite raw silk binding with its brocade lady, to the fine paper and many delicate color plates. Meredith Weatherby and Kaoru Ogimi of the house of Tuttle have surpassed themselves in this triumph of book production, which is not expensive by home standards. Mr. Michener has the infectious enthusiasm of the devoted amateur, who loves every scrap of the old papers as sacred relics; yet this never dulls his qualitative judgment. He has seen more prints, looked at them longer, hunted them down, compared them, bought more of them than anyone alive; he is giving his great and growing collection to Hawaii. To supplement his joy, there are expert notes on each print by Dr. Richard Lane. The best part ends in mid-nineteenth century. The story then resumes with the activity of printmakers since the last war; examples shown incline toward cuteness. It is a pity that the early schools of

Nagasaki and Yokohama, the late Meiji and Taisho prints, fine in spite of aniline dyes, were not thought worthy to be included. These, starting from the Dutch and Portuguese traders in the eighteenth century, chronicle initial contacts with the West, are handsome in their own right, but today lie under a cloud of implied "bad taste," once reserved in Japan for so many pictures shown in this marvelous book.

ETRUSCAN ART. By Raymond Bloch. 100 plates, 71 in color. New York Graphic Society. \$25.

A huge book (11½ x 15 inches); the folding-plates of tomb-walls are very suggestive in tone, scale and narrative sequence. But it is, as a whole, a luxurious disappointment; the pictorial editing is neither careful nor consistent. Beautiful lemon-gold jewelry is photographed against shrieking crimson; details are stripped of their photographic backgrounds, the resultant silhouettes snipped at and coarsened. Some black-and-white pages have a horrid institutional-green mat surrounding their fragile forms. Colored plates of large pieces face black-and-white details of the same

figures that are less clear than the color. The plates of murals give good value; the brief text is good. The art depicted, unknown to most Americans, is extremely strong and mysterious. But the whole production is overblown and expensive. Readers willing to sacrifice the text in English can find Italian books full of better pictures.

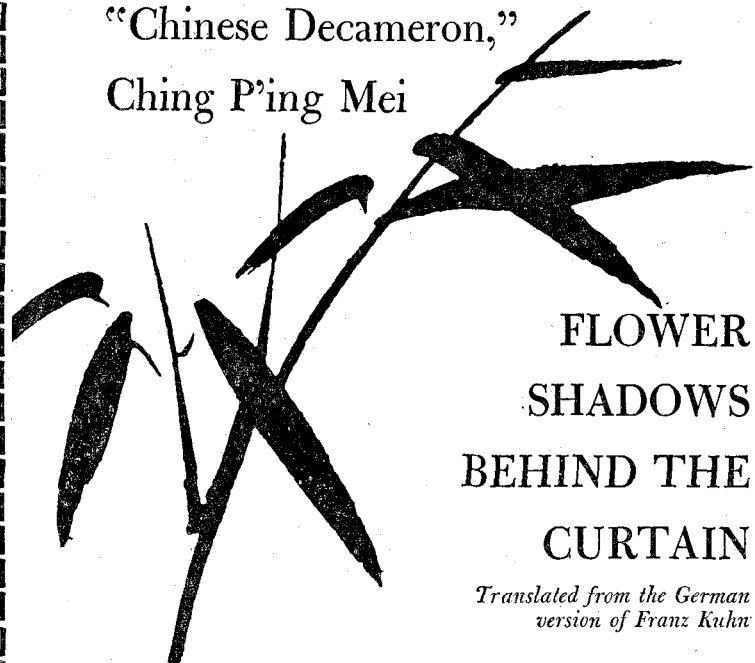
CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Romanesque and Gothic Illuminated Manuscripts. By Jan Květ and Hanns Swarzenski. 32 color plates. New York Graphic Society. \$18.

This volume of Romanesque and early Gothic manuscript illumination maintains the very high standard of these large books sponsored by UNESCO, but here there is a marked improvement in reproducing gold-leaf areas, indispensable to the life and luxury of such magnificent pages. Great care has been spent to gain an underlayer of toning, representing naked vellum, over which gold is laid. In early days of reproduction, a single blinding sheet represented a brash surround for delicate pinks, tans or blues. Here, even the indentation of the illuminator's stylus is tactfully visible. A slight milkiness overcasts many of the miniatures, but this may be a characteristic of a provincial school rather than technical failure; it is impossible to know without recourse to originals which are shut to us. Hanns Swarzenski's excellent preface insists on the essential originality of Bohemian art.

MAINSTREAMS OF MODERN ART: David to Picasso. By John Canaday. 15 color plates. 700 half-tone reproductions. Simon & Schuster. 576 pp. \$12.50.

This imposing work might more correctly have been labeled "The Backgrounds of Modern Painting." Perhaps for the first time in English, a historian and critic has tried to relate the entire nineteenth century, first of all to itself within itself, then in this complex integrity, to our whole present. We are so accustomed to think of painting as French, or Paris, controlled that we limit our standards and pleasures by ignoring England, Central Europe and Scandinavia. America we know as a duty. The newly appointed principal art critic of *The New York Times* has made an excellent use of parallels and unfamiliar examples; nor has he skimped the official academies, against which the great revolts of the century were made, and without knowledge of which the triumph of the advance-guard is mean-

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ingless. His discussion of the function of the salons has hardly ever been stated in English before, yet it is vaguely presupposed by everybody. The end of the book is hurried and summary, but can serve as an introduction to a second volume which would be equally useful.

FAUVISM. By Jean Leymarie. 71 plates in color. Skira. 166 pp. \$6.50.

One of the most recent volumes in Skira's "Taste of Our Times." A monograph in miniature, well presented with many bright, clean and decent reproductions, not all well-known, with a simple, academic text. There are nice juxtapositions of the same subject, by Braque and Friesz, odd early Dufys and Derains unfamiliar in this country. The German section is perfunctory, Switzerland and Scandinavia are not included, but this is a book of French origin. Perhaps the Northern painters are "Expressionists" and will be treated later, although they worked at the same time, with the same sources as Paris.

CUBISM. By Guy Habasque. 71 plates in color. Skira. 172 pp. \$6.50.

A handy small survey with many excellent color-plates, reproduced with discretion of palette and less surface glaze than in previous books in this series. The whole influential movement is made to seem perhaps more inevitable and monolithic than when one looks at the independent work of individual artists. Now, after fifty years, Cubism seems more lyrical than rational, more a poetic and evanescent style of the new century than an absolutely novel technique in visual and plastic method. The pictures reduce well; their harshness of surface, deliberate poverty of execution, disappear in miniature; the ephemeral nature of collage and construction here assume a security and severity that rob them of some of their life, the fragility and poetic pathos of the haphazard which was part of their fragrance as lyric metaphor. Considering its widespread effects, it is astonishing how brief the actual movement was.

BRUEGEL. By Robert L. Delevoy. 53 color plates. 155 pp.; **MATISSE.** By Jacques Lassaigue. 55 color plates. 138 pp. Skira. \$5.75 each.

A small book can hold only useful reminders of large panels, but the colored plates in these efficient studies are honorably detailed, telling much in restricted space. Details are about half life-size, but clear. A good balance,

demonstrating the dark as well as the cheerful, playful side of Bruegel. Often his fantastic or toylike aspects hide ferocity, compassion and horror. Lacking the big Austrian monographs, this is an attractive and acceptable substitute on a modest scale.

Matisse on walls is never as brilliant as in reproduction; his talent is especially suited to the four-color process; the fat shapes reduce well; his generalizations shrunk to a tiny scale lose their careless brutality and begin to resemble those Islamic tiles and book illustrations from which much of his stylization sprang. An attractive small book with good text shows this artist as a light-weight decorator in the line of Boucher, not as serious as Fragonard, but whose function was similar: to provide domestic walls with areas of luxurious warmth which, nevertheless, would not disturb the pattern of small-talk or dinner conversation. It is a pity that the Vence chapel is not included, gay as a playroom, but there are two cut-paper panels that show his canniness with gross forms and bright colors, so influential in posters and packaging.

OBSERVATIONS. Photographs by Richard Avedon. Comments by Truman Capote. Simon & Schuster. 152 pp. \$15.

Fashion photography, like fashion drawing, is a branch of graphic art useful to historians. It is good to have a criterion of dandyism at a given moment. Here two experts determine the chic of the fifties. Avedon is a superlative commercial photographer for the luxury trades; he has developed a personal manner of showing clothes against famous sites, in living cities and human situations which intensify the piquancy and glamour of the desirable commodity. His portraits of famous folk reverse the process. Those for whom we have a familiar public mask of glamour, awesome in auras of fame and beauty, are torn down to the ultimate destructive minutiae and accidental revelatory betrayal. Avedon is a consummate courtier; he has convinced his victims that they could not possibly be as hideous as the prints he shows them (which is true). His models are not Maugham, Elsa Maxwell, Ezra Pound, Isak Dinesen, but a menagerie of starved cranes, spoiled pugs, snapping turtles, nets of broken veins and age's cruel jeweller's work. The captions are by Truman Capote; his brand of dedicated prose bridges High Bohemia, High Society, High Fashion, High Camp and Madison Avenue. The large book is beautifully designed and produced.



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MONDRIAN. By Sam Hunter. 16 color plates. Harry N. Abrams \$3.95.

Excellent color plates which, in the case of this painter, improve on the originals, except for scale. The dry, mechanical surface of his ethical desiccation becomes delicate and lapidary, as if neatly executed in squares of enamel. Black-and-white illustrations, facing each page, supporting the structure of every important composition are apposite and well reproduced. The text is clean and well organized. There is much moral beauty in Mondrian's career; while its results, in terms of innovation and breadth of vision, seem to have been overhauled by the industrial designer and architect, nevertheless there is an exemplary pattern in his passion for determined order in differentiated space. That he is not the bad conscience of abstract expressionism rather than its tutelary genius is one more instance of the general contempt for craft which is worn like a badge by many compulsive workers today.

WILLEM de KOONING. By Thomas B. Hess; **THOMAS EAKINS.** By Fairfield Porter; **JACKSON POLLOCK.** By Frank O'Hara; **WINSLOW HOMER.** By Lloyd Goodrich; **ALBERT P. RYDER.** By Lloyd Goodrich; **STUART DAVIS.** By E. C. Goossen. George Braziller. \$3.95 each.

This series has cloth binding, about 128 pages, eighty reproductions in half tone and gravure and sixteen color plates, each. Further monographs on Audubon, Marin, Shahn and Gorky are promised. The price of \$3.95 is not bad, although the poorest part in each case is the reproductions. Prefatory essays are interesting, in particular Fairfield Porter on Eakins and Thomas Hess on de Kooning. Porter is himself an able painter, an admirable critic with an eye and mind as candid, penetrating and exact as his subject. His brief essay cannot replace Lloyd Goodrich's classic study, but it has deeper insight and broader historical placement. Hess on de Kooning has a remarkable series of plates showing the progress of an uncomfortable talent whose odd conflict of personal charm and willful gracelessness has achieved a tense and powerful success. Frank O'Hara is a poet and rhapsode; his hymn to Pollock has dollops of amateur art-history:

The Deep is the coda to this triumph. It is a scornful, technical masterpiece, like the *Olympia* of Manet. And it is one of the most provocative images of our time, an

abyss of glamour encroached upon by a flood of innocence.

Mercy. . . . Mr. O'Hara selects photographs which make Pollock seem more monolithic than he was; the pictures chosen by Dorothy Sieberling (*Life*, November 2, 1959) were more comprehensive and illuminating. But Pollock needs life-size; reduced, the big pictures seem only samples of marble-paper. Goodrich's *Winslow Homer* is a tactful reduction of his standard biography; his *Albert P. Ryder* is a good promise of his big forthcoming work on this overrated figure; the plates in both books are poor. *Stuart Davis* by E. C. Goossen is a faithful study of a loyal professional practitioner in this time.

OUR HOUSE. By Olgivanna Lloyd Wright. Horizon Press. 308 pp. \$4.50.

Frank Lloyd Wright's widow, a Montenegrin lady of noble lineage, has indited an awesomely inspirational volume, less memoir than a series of unconnected short pieces, unedited, off the top of mind and memory. However, here are a number of revealing sidelights on the domestic rituals of the great architect's various establishments, his amusements, pets, visitors, students, although little is deeply personal, all seen through an elevated haze of tacit adoration. A few (faintly) harsh words are nudged at James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Guggenheim Museum, for being so wicked as to want the pictures, for which he is responsible, to be visible to the public in insolent competition to the Master's Monument.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT TO 1910: The First Golden Age. By Grant Carpenter Manson. Reinhold Publishing Corp. 256 pp. \$10.

In the ever-growing bibliography of Wright, this book is among the most fascinating. Presented with a mass of previously unreproduced photographs and plans from the Taliesin archives, this full album chronicles what was indeed "The First Golden Age," up to but not including the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. There is, among many other facets never before so clearly identified, an excellent analysis of the presence or absence of Japanese influence on Wright, from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, to his first Oriental trip in 1905. The grandeur, clear vision, fantasy, vulgarity in detail, tyrannical idiosyncrasy, daring of initial concepts and careless execution, the continual return to basic forms for which he had an early preference, have never been exposed with

such logic, completeness and care. The text documents the parade of extraordinarily powerful and peculiar structures.

TRIUMPH ON FAIRMOUNT: Fiske Kimball and the Philadelphia Museum of Art. By George and Mary Roberts. J. B. Lippincott. 321 pp. \$6.

We tend to take for granted the huge collections in our museums. They grow imperceptibly, constantly; their increase swells our pleasure. But how is it all done? By every legal method this side of blackmail, theft or murder. Before museums, there were collectors. Each made wills and changed them often. Curators naturally hunt collections. Collectors are suspicious of curators; there may always be more favorable homes in which ultimately to house one's precious objects. This defiantly honest book details the creation and growth of the Philadelphia Museum through the quixotic character of Fiske Kimball, to whom, among many other fruits of taste and mind, we owe the restoration of Monticello.

SHADOWS FROM INDIA: An Architectural Album. By Roderick Cameron. 199 plates. British Book Centre. 213 pp. \$12.50.

This most brilliant book of architectural photographs, printed in England, is certainly the richest coverage available generally. Mr. Cameron has a transparent eye, but without any ambition to shine as stylist; he loves India, has traveled far, has seen much unknown to most Westerners—notably the India of the British raj, the colonial empire, the eighteenth-century residences, the English India of Kipling, down to the fine government buildings at New Delhi by Baker and Lutyens, now inherited by the Indian national government. What is chiefly lacking is people to provide both a human and a visual scale, as often the size of the structures is so gigantic that we have no sense of their hugeness. Mr. Cameron's India is what people have built there; the architectural design, plan and detail is fantastically sumptuous and grand, down to contemporary princely pavilions. The most beautiful of this year's photographic collections.

THE VERSAILLES I LOVE. Photographs by Robert Descharnes. 12 color plates, 93 in gravure; **THE ROME I LOVE.** Photographs by Patrice Molinard. 12 color plates, 82 in gravure. Tudor Publishing Co. \$7.95 each.

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but so is the site. However, the former has also an editorial cohesion, a sense of congruous scale related to page and reduction on it, and superior photography. Plates are by Braun, color by Draeger, both technically expert; the color is not shiny, the pictures are direct, there is a sense of lively past in living present. But the texts are passive, and the two books add up to middle-expensive gift books. It is a pity that famous places cannot have their portraits organized through the hours of the day, as well as through the four seasons, for time and weather are always clearly defined partners to stones and people.

ANCIENT INDONESIAN ART. By A. J. Bernet Kempers. 353 gravure plates. Harvard University Press. 478 pp. \$22.50.

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inces of our taste and pleasure, alongside Greece and Rome. Our frontiers now advance to Southeast Asia. It is still difficult to get to Barabatur, Angkor and Pagan, but it won't be in five years. For the interim, this is a fine book by the Dutch director of archaeology in Java from 1936 to 1956. We are accustomed to see only fragments of stones snatched from their matrix. Here we can visualize the enormous scale of the carved mass of hewn rock in their jungles, frequently saved or salvaged by Dutch conservationists. The almost vegetable proliferation of human and plant forms, the suspended bland beatitude of the holy narratives produce a narcotic effect, as if the swarming stones were cut with a mixture of mes-cal. The sharpness and delicacy of carving, ingenuity of dry-stone-setting, above all the overpowering weight of the monuments is a mysterious, provocative and quite novel delight. Text and photographs are excellent.

THE STONES OF FLORENCE. By Mary McCarthy. 128 photographs, principally by Evelyn Hofer. Harcourt Brace & Co. 130 pp. \$15.

A lovely book, with some of the best architectural photographs that have been taken of this city. Well produced in Switzerland, it follows Miss McCarthy's similar study of Venice. She aims to make us see cities as coherent personalities; she takes their portraits in a mosaic of history, photographs and the acute philosophical observation of a sharply trained mind and eye. She assumes towns have souls in spite of the constant compulsive rape by the casual visitor, unwilling student and the passage of time, which sully the original intention of great artists and patrons who made these monuments. This requires strong medicine and an acid personal tone; it accounts for what might seem at first perverse allocations of space or enthusiasm. But she really prefers Pontormo to Michelangelo, has looked hard at both, and the color plate of the former is surely a shocker. Miss McCarthy writes only about what she has seen and thought of at first hand, after many seeings, and agreement or disagreement is beside the point. She may be writing the most stimulating guidebooks of our time.

THEY WERE THERE: The Civil War in Action as Seen by Its Combat Artists. By Philip Van Doren Stern. 18 reproductions in color. 179 plates in offset gravure. Crown Publishers. 168 pp. \$7.50.

A neatly edited, well reproduced

album of more than 200 paintings and drawings by artists who saw the Civil War in actual combat. Mr. Stern has wisely and carefully avoided pictures which have previously appeared. While the greater part has slight claim to independent aesthetic worth, much has vitality, quick observation and a vivid candor; all of it is more evocative than the present welter of writing about the war. There are many quotations from Whitman; it would have been good to have had also some of Melville's poems which, while rough and odd, are often more direct, focused and exact parallels to these battle pictures.

DUBUFFET. By Michel Ragon. 12 color plates. Grove Press. 62 pp. Cloth \$3.95; paper \$1.95; **FERBER, HARE, LASSAW:** Three American Sculptors. By E. C. Goossen, R. Goldwater, I. Sandler. 9 color plates; 30 black and white. Grove Press. 75 pp. Cloth \$3.95; paper \$1.95.

Grove Press has used the same color plates as the French edition of these cheap monographs; they are quite good enough. However, the American edition, compared with the Paris letterpress, binding and over-all presentation, is coarse and awkward. Dubuffet is an interesting artist, who started like a bad joke. Although he always had painted, at the age of forty he began to work seriously and abandoned business. But he has made an excellent business through the intensity of his mud-pie manner, his poetic disgust, his *nostalgie de la boue*, a reflection of the post-Occupation purge by nastiness and self-pity. Many imitate him, sharing a common ancestry in Klee, but he is always ahead of the pack in ingenuity, wit, inspired beauty (or ugliness) of surface.

The sculptors Ferber, Hare and Lassaw share one small volume. They make linear designs in several dimensions, are more interested in texture, color and calligraphic enclosure than plastic monumentality. They seem at once sad and playful; too serious for games, too slight for sculpture.

AFRICA. By Emil Schulthess. 127 plates, many in color. Simon & Schuster. \$20.

An enormous book, with the best quality color and gravure, records a trip through the center of all Africa, north to south. The vastness and variety of the continent is amply spread out; the editorial pattern displays land and clouds, then characteristic accents in focus, specific faces and bodies, fur, feathers and fronds. Noble and fiercely

unfamiliar people and animals, massive diabolic two-horned rhinoceros, great sympathetic blimps of hippos, volcanoes afloat in flame, nothing merely picturesque or peculiar, everything related to place and time of day. An incomparable album, functioning photography at its most useful, to document with love and beauty by the most scrupulous eye.

VICTORIA R: A Biography with 400 Illustrations Based on Her Personal Photograph Albums. By Helmut and Alison Gernsheim. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 307 pp. \$12.50.

A fine study, printed in Britain, edited as a biography of the great Queen, based on her private photographic albums, with more than 400 illustrations. Both as English history of the nineteenth century and as a parallel record of the beginnings of photography this is a fascinating collection, with dozens of arresting images which few beyond the Windsor family can have seen before. Costume, interior decoration, society portraiture, the military and naval services are not only photographed but opposed to contemporary drawings and supplemented by magazine illustration, painting and sculpture. The method of the Gernsheims is forthright, balanced and complete; their own text is as capable as their editing, more amusing and important as history than most such picture books.

IMAGE: The Journal of Photography and Motion Pictures, is a quarterly now in its eighth volume (George Eastman House, 900 East Avenue, Rochester 3, New York. \$5 per year or \$2 per copy). Admirably edited, very carefully manufactured, it is of great interest to anyone occupied with the art, craft and history of the camera. Articles of the past year include Ansel Adams giving clear and much-needed basic definitions, critical as well as technical; Beaumont Newhall on Fox Talbot and his early masterpieces, with a wealth of well-reproduced, unique prints; a survey of the English Gernsheim collection and its unexpected treasures; a catalogue of early Edison films, etc. All over this country, museum staffs issue, by way of their local bulletins, some of the best writing done on art, usually in short pieces devoted to single subjects or objects, treated with broad reference and complete pictorial coverage. The best is that of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, corresponding to the variety and quality of its collections; but in a narrower field, this bulletin of the world's greatest photographic museum, collection and library is superlative.

December 12, 1959

Books by NATION Contributors

Listed below are books published in 1959 by writers who have also contributed to *The Nation* in that year. We have prepared such lists as a service to readers and contributors in previous years and we are always impressed by the size and scope of the compilation. They are evidence, we believe, of the authority and energy that goes into the material published week by week in the magazine.

Books published in England are included here for the record. They are available on special order through most dealers.

ROBERT M. ADAMS. *Stendhal: Notes on a Novelist*. Noonday. \$5 cloth; \$1.45 paper.

Strains of Discord. Cornell. \$3.50.

GENE BARO. *Northwind and Other Poems*. Scribner's. \$3.95.

JEROME BEATTY, JR. *The Saturday Review Gallery*. Simon & Schuster. \$6.

Show Me the Way to Go Home: The Commuter Story. Crowell. \$3.95.

JOHN BERRY. *Krishna Fluting*. Macmillan. \$3.95.

CURTIS BOK. *Star Wormwood*. Knopf. \$3.95.

MICHAEL BRECHER. *Nehru: A Political*

Biography. Oxford. \$8.50.

CRANE BRINTON. *A History of Western Morals*. Harcourt Brace. \$7.50.

KENNETH BURKE. *Attitudes Toward History*. Revised edition. Hermes. \$6.75.

HAYDEN CARRUTH. *The Crow and the Heart*. Macmillan. \$1.50.

REO M. CHRISTENSON. *The Brannan Plan: Farm Politics and Policy*. Michigan. \$5.

HENRY M. CHRISTMAN, editor. *The Public Papers of Chief Justice Earl Warren*. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

GEORGE A. CODDING, JR. *Broadcasting Without Barriers*. UNESCO. \$3.

ALBERT K. COHEN. *The Study of Social Disorganization and Deviant Behavior in Sociology Today, Problems and Prospects*. Edited by Robert K. Merton, Leonard S. Cottrell, Jr. Basic Books. \$7.50.

FRED J. COOK. *What Manner of Men: Forgotten Heroes of the American Revolution*. Morrow. \$5.

The Golden Press Book of the Revolution. Golden Press. \$4.95.

ROBERT CREELEY. *A Form of Women*. Jargon. \$1.50.

GEORGE CUOMO. *Becoming a Better Reader*. Rinehart. \$1.



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BABETTE DEUTSCH. *Coming of Age: New and Selected Poems.* Indiana. \$3.95.
ISAAC DEUTSCHER. *The Prophet Unarmed.* Oxford. \$9.50.
ROBERT DUNCAN. *Selected Poems.* City Lights. \$1.
Letters. Jonathan Williams. \$8.
RICHARD EBERHART, editor. *Thirty Dartmouth Poems.* Charles Butcher Fund; Hanover, N.H. \$1.
EDWARD D. EDDY, JR. *The College Influence on Student Character.* American Council on Education. \$3.
FRANK FREIDEL. *The Golden Age of American History.* Braziller. \$7.50.
DAVID GALLER. *Walls and Distances.* Macmillan. \$1.
HERBERT GOLD. *The Optimist.* Little, Brown. \$4.50.
Editor, *Fiction of the Fifties.* Doubleday. \$3.95.
HARRY GOLDEN. *For 2c Plain.* World. \$4.
DAVID H. GREENE (with Edward M. Stephens). *J. M. Synge: 1870-1909.* Macmillan. \$6.95.
ARTHUR GREGOR. *Animal Babies.* Harper. Juvenile. \$2.75.
HORACE GREGORY. *The World of James MacNeill Whistler.* Nelson. \$5.
RALPH GUSTAFSON, editor. *Penguin Book of Canadian Verse.* Penguin. 85c.
RAMON GUTHRIE. *Graffiti.* Macmillan. \$1.
ALAN HARRINGTON. *Life in the Crystal Palace.* Knopf. \$4.50.
BARTLETT H. HAYES, JR. *The American Line.* Addison Gallery of American Art. \$2.50 cloth; \$1.50 paper.
DAN JACOBSON. *The Zulu and the Zeide.* Little, Brown. \$3.75.
No Further West. Weidenfield & Nicolson (London). 16s.
Y. H. KRIKORIAN. Editor (with Abraham Edel). *Contemporary Philosophic Problems.* Macmillan. \$7.
SIDNEY LENS. *The Crisis of American Labor.* Sagamore. \$6.
DENISE LEVERTOV. *With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads.* New Directions. \$3.50.
MYRON LIEBERMAN. *The Future of Public Education.* Chicago. \$5.
GENE M. LYONS (with John W. Masland). *Education and Military Leadership: A Study of the ROTC.* Princeton. \$5.
W. G. McLOUGHLIN, JR. *Modern Revivalism: Charles Grandison Finney to Billy Graham.* Ronald. \$6.50.
STEWART MEACHAM. *Labor and the Cold War.* American Friends Service Committee. 35c.

EVE MERRIAM. *The Voice of Liberty.* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. Juvenile. \$2.75.
W. S. MERWIN, translator. *The Poem of the Cid.* J. M. Dent. 16s.
MAY MILLER. *Into the Clearing.* Char-ioteer. \$2.
BARRISS MILLS. *Parvenus & Ancestors.* Vagrom. \$1.
HERBERT MITGANG. *The Return.* Simon & Schuster. \$3.50.
Editor, *Civilians Under Arms.* Pennington. \$3.95.
ALLARDYCE NICOLL. *History of the English Drama.* Vol. 5: *Late Nineteenth Century Drama 1850-1900.* \$14. Vol 6: *A Short-Title Alphabetical Catalogue of Plays.* \$12.50. Cambridge.
FAIRFIELD PORTER. *Thomas Eakins.* Braziller. \$3.95 cloth; \$1.50 paper.
Contributor, essay on Richard Stankiewicz, to *School of New York.* B. H. Friedman, editor. Grove. \$3.95 cloth; \$1.50 paper.
ORESTE F. PUCCIANI, translator and editor. *Phèdre.* By Jean Racine. Appleton-Century-Crofts. 45c paper.
KENNETH REXROTH. *Bird in the Bush.* New Directions. \$3.75 cloth; \$1.55 paper.
DONALD RICHIE (with J. L. Anderson). *The Japanese Film.* Tuttle. \$5.95.
HAROLD ROSENBERG. *The Tradition of the New.* Horizon. \$4.95.
BERNARD SCHWARTZ. *The Professor and the Commissions.* Knopf. \$4.
WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT. *Scrimshaw.* Macmillan. \$1.25.
GEORGE STEINER. *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky.* Knopf. \$5.75.
MARK VAN DOREN. *The Last Days of Lincoln.* Hill & Wang. \$3.75.
The Mayfield Deer (Revised). Hill & Wang. \$3.95.
DAN WAKEFIELD. *Island in the City.* Houghton Mifflin. \$4.
WILLIAM WALSH. *The Use of Imagination.* Chatto and Windus (London). 25s.
W. W. WATT. *One Man's Meter.* Rinehart. \$3.
ALEXANDER WERTH. *America in Doubt.* Robert Hale Ltd. 21s.
URBAN WHITAKER, editor. *Foundations of United States China Policy.* Pacifica Foundation. \$1.
REED WHITTEMORE. *The Self-Made Man and Other Poems.* Macmillan. \$1.25.
WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS. *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy.* World. \$4.75.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

THE SURVEY of paperbacks, here somewhat expanded for the Christmas season, contains some titles that have been described earlier. In such cases, the listing is made without comment.

Poetry

A Child's Christmas in Wales by Dylan Thomas, woodcuts by Ellen Raskin (New Directions, \$1). Tender reminiscence full of wonder and familiarity.

Poems by Wallace Stevens (Vintage, \$1.25). "Part of the never-ending meditation . . . Part of the *res* itself," with a fresh introduction by Samuel French Morse.

The Confucian Odes by Ezra Pound (New Directions, \$1.45). The classic anthology, its "language charged with meaning to the utmost degree."

Collected Poems by Louise Bogan (Noonday, \$1.25). Work of great delicacy, strength, understanding and virtuosity.

The Achievement of T. S. Elliot by F. O. Matthiessen (Galaxy, \$1.95) with a chapter on the later work by C. L. Barber; *The Art of T. S. Eliot* by Helen Gardner (Everyman, \$1.15), especially in *Four Quartets*. Basically technical analyses of Eliot's fusion of method and substance, explaining the nature of poetry.

Complete Poetry and Selected Prose by Walt Whitman, James E. Miller, editor (Riverside, \$1.15). Includes poems rejected as *Leaves of Grass* changed.

The Solitary Singer by Gay Wilson Allen (Evergreen, \$2.95). Standard critical biography of Whitman.

Collected Sonnets and Collected Lyrics by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Washington Square, 50c ea.).

Existentialism

Either/Or by Søren Kierkegaard (Anchor, Vol. 1, \$1.45; Vol. 2, \$1.25). Kierkegaard's earliest study of the individual's relations to aesthetic and ethical bases of action.

Nausea (New Directions, \$1.25) and *The Age of Reason* (Bantam, 75c) by Jean-Paul Sartre. His first novel (1938) and first of the *Roads to Freedom* tetralogy (1945), showing his existentialism through vividly realized narrative.

Existentialism and Religious Belief by David E. Roberts, Roger Hazelton,

editor (Galaxy, \$1.95). Mutations and relationships, Pascal through Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Sartre, Jaspers and Marcel.

Politics

Karl Marx: His Life and Environment by Isaiah Berlin (Galaxy, \$1.50). A durable brief masterpiece (1939) on the man, his work and his time.

Marx and Engels: Basic Writings on Politics and Philosophy, Lewis Feuer, editor (Anchor, \$1.45). An excellent selection. Feuer argues that no current theory explains anywhere near as much of social reality as Marxism does.

We by Eugene Zamiatin (Everyman, \$1.45). Banned Russian counter-utopia, anticipating 1984, in which "nobody is one, but one of."

War with the Newts by Karel Capek (Bantam, 50c).

Reflections on the Revolution in France by Edmund Burke (Rinehart, \$1.25). Meticulous new text and paraphernalia by William B. Todd.

Lectures on the French Revolution by Lord Acton (Noonday, \$1.95).

The Spirit of Liberty by Learned Hand, Irving Dilliard, editor (Vintage, \$1.25).

On War by Raymond Aron (Anchor, 95c).

Strategy for Survival by Wayland Young (Penguin, 65c).

Science

The Crime of Galileo by Giorgio de Santillana (Phoenix, \$1.75). Lucid, exciting, presently relevant study of the scientist as humanist.

The Logic of the Sciences and the Humanities by F. S. C. Northrop (Meridian, \$1.45). The varied methods with which logic must operate in solving problems of fact and value.

New Pathways in Science by Sir Arthur Eddington (Ann Arbor, \$1.95). Philosophical outlook of modern science with stimulating sections on the statistical type of law and its effect on the foundations of physics.

Soap Bubbles by C. V. Boys (Dover, 95c). An ingenious science classic complete with color plate. This is also in Anchor's popular series in a cut version. It was originally addressed to teenagers, though it is not an easy book.

Apes, Angels and Victorians: Darwin, Huxley and Evolution, by William Irvine (Meridian, \$1.45). Fresh, reliable, humane biography and intellectual history.

The Fitness of the Environment by L. J. Henderson (Beacon, \$1.95).

Time's Arrow and Evolution by Har-



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old F. Blum (Princeton, \$1.75).

The Ancients

The Esthetic Basis of Greek Art of the Fifth and Fourth Centuries B.C. by Rhys Carpenter (Midland, \$1.75). The congruence of structure, shape, meaning and use. Helpful small revisions.

The Greek Experience by C. M. Bowra (Mentor, 50c). Distinctive accomplishments and modes of thought among the ancient Greeks.

A Handbook of Greek Mythology by H. J. Rose (Everyman, \$1.55). Ten general chapters with full indexes, bibliography and notes.

The Satires of Juvenal translated by Rolfe Humphries (Midland, \$1.50). Reproduces the scornful indignation of all sixteen satires.

The March Up Country, a translation of Xenophon's *Anabasis* by W. H. D. Rouse (Mentor, 50c). The very feel of the retreat from Babylon.

The Jewish War by Josephus, translated for general readers by G. A. Williamson (Penguin, \$1.25). The ill-smelling but gripping basic account of the Jewish-Roman war of 66 A.D.

Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt by J. H. Breasted (Torchbooks, \$1.95). Basic but controversial study (1912) moving from the nature gods to priestly rule.

History Begins at Sumer by Samuel Noah Kramer (Anchor, \$1.45).

American Scene

Symbolism and American Literature by Charles Feidelson, Jr. (Phoenix, \$1.85). Methods and concepts of literary history and the new criticism in explanation of Hawthorne, Whitman, Melville and Poe as sharers and shapers of a tradition.

The Comic Tradition in America, Kenneth S. Lynn, editor (Anchor,

\$1.45). The comedy of illusion and disillusion in excerpts from Franklin's *Widow Do-Good* to Mr. Dooley.

The American Experience by Henry Bamford Parkes (Vintage, \$1.25). Stimulating interpretations of imported and native forces that have shaped American civilization.

God's Country and Mine by Jacques Barzun (Vintage, \$1.25). Fluent essays combining appreciation, banter and polite lay sermons.

Miscellaneous

Folkways by William Graham Sumner (Dover, \$2.49) and *Middletown* by Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd (Harvest, \$2.25). Germinal classics outdated in some points of procedure and interpretation but basic and absorbing.

Giuseppe Verdi: His Life and Works by Francis Toye (Vintage, \$1.45). One of the best books on individual composers; lively, penetrating, thorough on life and times, and compositions.

The Meaning of Art by Herbert Read (Penguin, \$1.25). A lucid examination of the elements; sixty-four plates.

Nijinsky by Romola Nijinsky (Universal, \$1.65). Deeply moving narrative and appreciation of the art and the artist by the great dancer's wife.

Ballet: A New Guide to the Liveliest Art by Walter Terry (Dell, 75c). Introduction, glossary and handbook to 250 ballets.

Seven Men and Two Others by Max Beerbohm (Vintage, \$1.10). Some of Beerbohm's most urbane satires.

Bitter Lemons by Lawrence Durrell (Everyman, \$1.35). Revealing, humane, informal view of Cyprus and the Cypriot public, 1953-56.

The Cruise of the "Nona" by Hilaire Belloc (Penguin, 65c). Narrative of a coasting voyage with random, casual observations.

RECORDS of the YEAR

Lester Trimble

Among the year's new record issues, the following have been of particular interest:

BACH: *Suites* for unaccompanied 'cello (complete): Pablo Casals. Angel COLH-16/18 (3 discs).

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas* for violin and piano, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8: Paul Makanowitzky, violin; Noel Lee, piano. Vanguard VRS 1038/39 (2 discs). *Mass in C, Op. 86*: Soloists; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus; Sir Thomas Beecham, conductor. EMI-Capitol G-7168.

BERG: *Three Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 6* (with Webern: *Six Pieces for Orchestra* and Stravinsky: *Agon*): Südwestdeutsches Orchester; Hans Rosbaud, conductor. Westminster XWN-18807.

BRAHMS: *Sonatas* for viola and piano, Op. 120; Nos. 1, 2. William Primrose, viola; Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Capitol P-8478. *Symphony No. 4*: Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2297.

COPLAND: *A Lincoln Portrait* (with Schuman: *New England Triptych*

The NATION

and Barber: *Intermezzo* from *Vanesa*. Carl Sandburg, narrator (in the *Lincoln Portrait*); New York Philharmonic; André Kostelanetz, conductor. Columbia ML-5347. *Appalachian Spring*; (with Gould: *Spirituels*). London Symphony Orchestra; Walter Susskind, conductor. Everest LPBR-6002.

DEBUSSY: *Prélude à l'après midi d'un faune*; *Nocturnes*: No. 1 (*Nuages*), No. 2 (*Fêtes*); *Jeu*. Orchestre du Théâtre Nationale de l'Opéra de Paris; Manuel Rosenthal, conductor. Westminster XWN-18771. *Images* for orchestra (*Gigues*, *Idéa*, *Rondes de Printemps*). Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2282.

DVORAK: *Symphonic Variations, Op. 78* (with Tchaikowsky: *Suite No. 3 in G, Op. 55: Theme and Variations*). Philharmonia Orchestra; Sir Malcolm Sargent, conductor. EMI-Capitol G-7131. *Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra in B minor, Op. 104*. Pablo Casals; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; George Szell, conductor. Angel COLH-30.

HANDEL: *Concertos for Organ and Orchestra, Op. 4* (complete): E. Power Biggs, organ; London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, conductor. Columbia K-2-L 258 (2 discs).

HOVHANESS: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1* ("Lousadzak"); *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2*: Maro Ajemian, piano; Anahid Ajemian, violin; MGM String Orchestra; Carlos Surinach, conductor. MGM E-3674.

INDIAN MUSIC: *Improvised on Indian ragas* by Ravi Shankar, Chatur Lal, N. C. Mullick. World Pacific Records WP-1248.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 1, in D* ("Titan"): London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, conductor. Everest LPBR-6005.

PROKOFIEFF: *The Buffoon* ("Chout"), Op. 21 (Suite): London Symphony Orchestra; Walter Susskind, conductor. Everest LPBR-6001.

RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in C Minor*; *Preludes*, Op. 32: No. 5, in G; *Moments Musicaux*, Op. 16: No. 4, in E minor. Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano; Philharmonia Orchestra; Hugo Rignold, conductor. EMI-Capitol G-7143. "The Art of Sergei Rachmaninoff" Vol. II. (re-recorded from the composer-pianist's performances be-



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How Still the Hawk

How still the hawk
Hangs innocent above
Its native wood:
Distance, that purifies the act
Of all intent, has graced
Intent with beauty.
Beauty must lie
As innocence must harm
Whose end (sited,
Held) is naked
Like the map it cowers on.
And the doom drops:
Plummet of peace
To him who does not share
The nearness and the need,
The shrivelled circle
Of magnetic fear.

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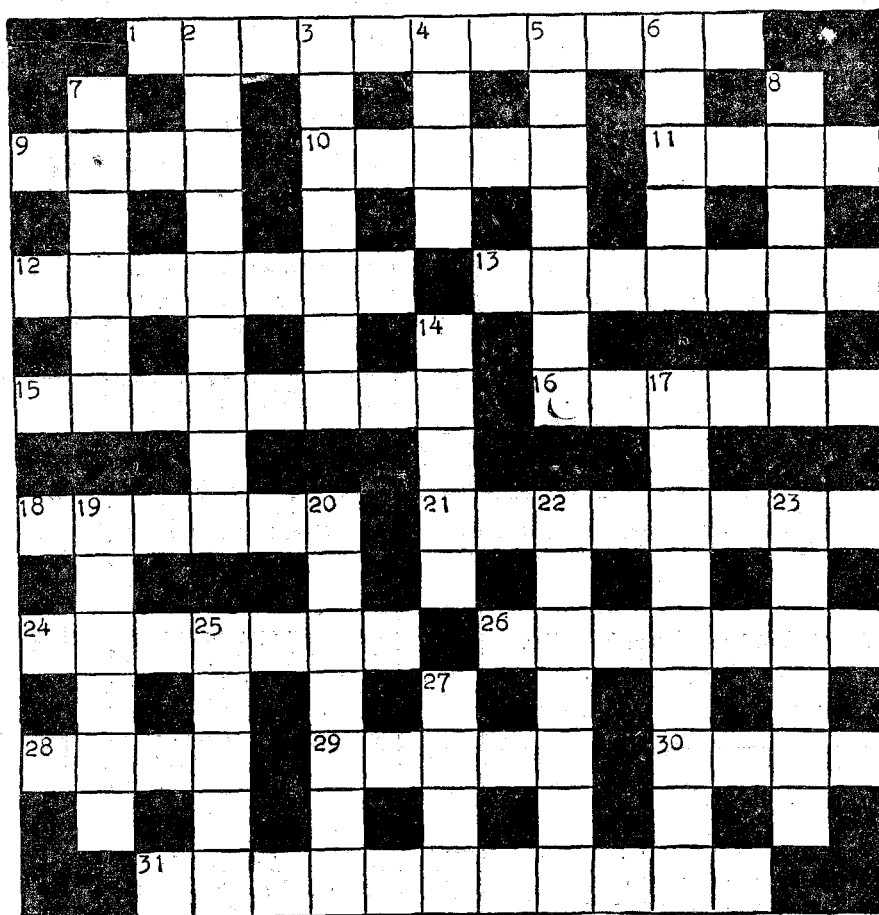
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Crossword Puzzle No. 845

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Did he make a little railroad try mistakenly to be inhuman? (5,6)
- 9 He could have been an Earl, but settled for being 11. (4)
- 10 and 25 down A rig to help make "The Tales of Hoffman," for example. (5,5)
- 11 See 30 across.
- 12 Question the in-laws about a possible coach to the youngsters? (7)
- 13 Where to find "If" in the delivery service? (7)
- 15 Singularly 24. (8)
- 16 Move out of the station? Stations, by the sound of it! (6)
- 18 Resorts to writing (in a rather shaky style, however). (6)
- 21 The quality of beef, rather than pork? (8)
- 24 Subtle emanations around, or perhaps lights on arising. (7)
- 26 Seaport which manufactures cordage, shoes, baskets, etc. (7)
- 28 Proverbially rich wheel among wheels, but only passing in power. (4)
- 29 14 reaches the heights, perhaps going to extremes. (5)
- 30 and 11 Does it involve royal design if one does, though sounding bored? (4)
- 31 He should have ties with 1, in early years. (11)

DOWN:

- 2 What might be bumper when the

soil is turned over in the citadel? (9)

- 3 and 14 An unlikely place to look for bryophytes. (7,5)
- 4 The gear of 31. (4)
- 5 In case it hasn't come up before the 22? (7)
- 6 Put to one side, like an English garden? (5)
- 7 Get out of bed, and perhaps show up here. (6)
- 8 Makes a put-out? (6)
- 14 See 3 down.
- 17 Fruit that comes from more than one tree or plant. (9)
- 19 A 14 is 14. (6)
- 20 Surprise, as lemurs and leopards do. (7)
- 22 Like 6-7/8 or 3/4 short of court. (7)
- 23 An ascendant role, like a leader. (6)
- 25 See 10 across.
- 27 Potato weeder? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 844

ACROSS: 1 Anthropomorphic; 9 Overprint; 10 Virtue; 11 and 8 Notion counter; 12 Shell out; 14 Place mat; 16 Trier; 17 Spoof; 18 Lacrosse; 20 Spillway; 21 Gaggle; 24 Raise; 25 Abstinence; 26 Minister of State. DOWN: 1 Abound; 2 Treat; 3 Reproachfulness; 4 Pair; 5 Matchstick; 6 Revolutionaries; 7 Harmonies; 13 Amalgamate; 15 Laodicean; 17 Sistrum; 19 Pestle; 22 Greta; 23 Oslo.

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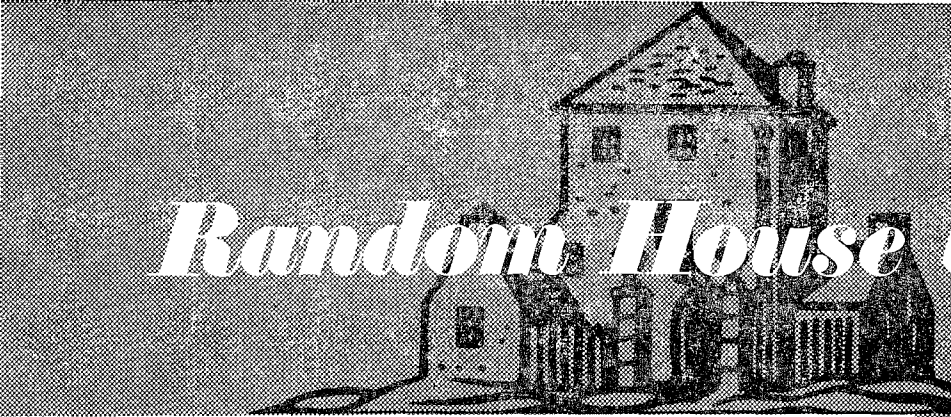
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